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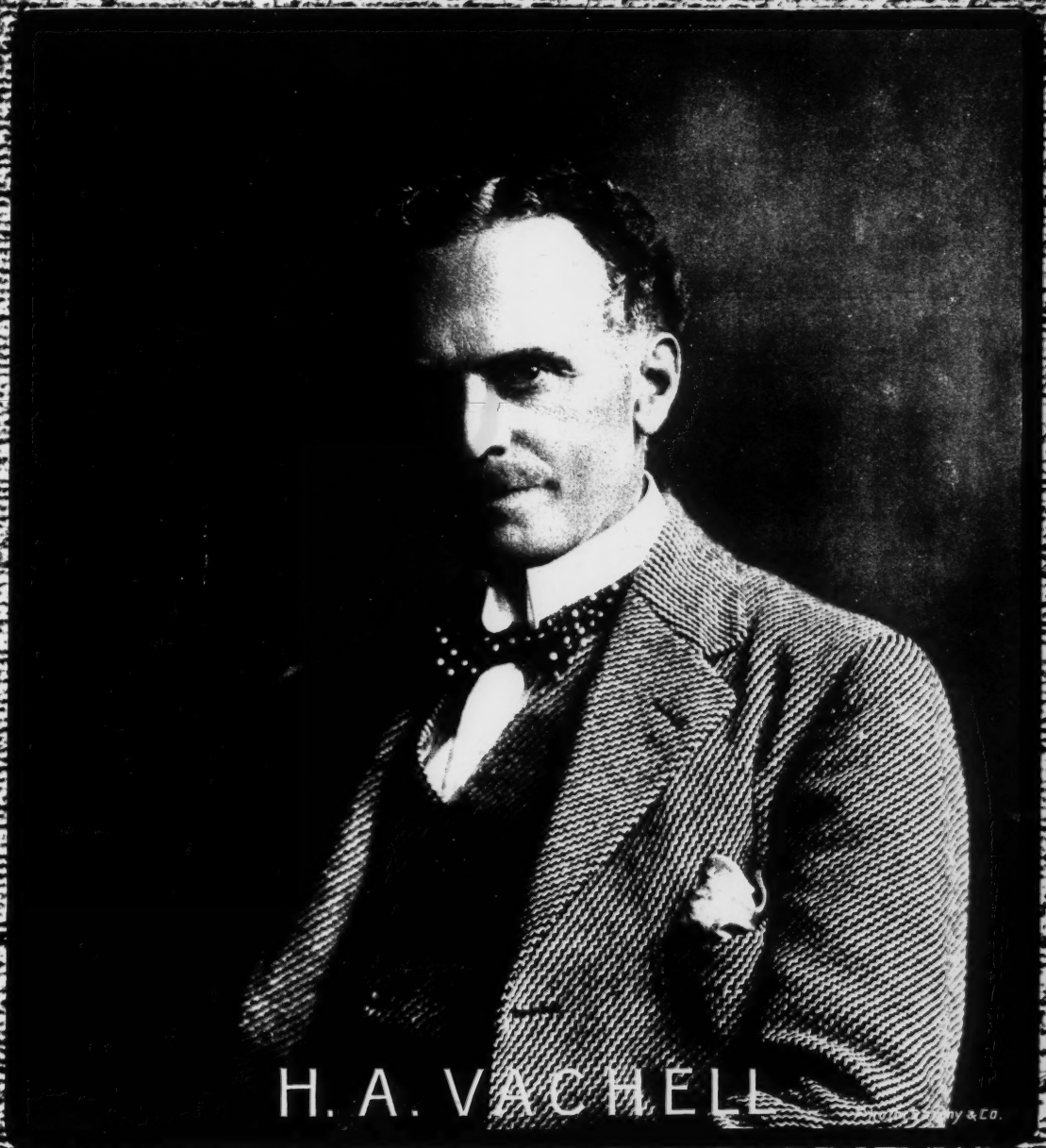

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. John H. Ingram. He died in February last, but the news only reached us by chance a week or two ago; no paper, so far as we have seen, paid him the passing tribute of an obituary notice, yet he was author or editor of a score of volumes, and one time and another contributed a good deal to the leading English, Continental and American reviews and magazines. He was best known as a biographer and editor of Poe; he had not a sufficiently delicate sense of poetry to be a good critic, but in all the circumstance of Poe's career and work he was an acknowledged expert. He gave his whole heart to this subject, and it was sometimes difficult to persuade him that other writers knew anything considerable about it. He was careful to get into touch with anybody who might be able to add to his stores of information, and had accumulated a unique collection of letters, documents and portraits of Poe and his associates. For years past he had been engaged on a drastic revision of his "Life of Poe," and completed this only a few months before his death. His other volumes included biographies of E. B. Browning, Oliver Madox Brown and Chatterton. He was general editor of the "Eminent Women" series, and was responsible for many editions of Poe's Tales, Poems, and Essays, including those in the Tauchnitz collection. A few years ago he published a gossipy volume on "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates," and in 1914 contributed a study on "Marlowe and his Poetry" to Harrap's "Poetry and Life" series. He had a reputation for being difficult to deal with, but a friendly approach disarmed him at once and changed him into one of the kindliest and most obliging of men.

Mr. Hartman Laxdale, whose powerful novel, "The Dim Bourne," was published last month by Mr. Grant Richards, is of Anglo-Scottish descent, and is twenty-seven years old. He went to Westmorland from London in 1906 to learn gardening, and later had a small poultry farm at Windermere (the original of Conismere in "The Dim Bourne"). In 1910 he came back to London and took a course in book-keeping at a City Commercial College, gaining certificates from the Royal Society of Arts and the London Chamber of Commerce, but he was unable to do any work in the end on account of impaired health. In 1913 he began to write plays, but up to the present none have been produced. "The Dim Bourne" was written between September, 1913, and October, 1915.

Mr. Lewis Chase, author of "Poe and his Poetry," with the aid of the Public Librarian of King's Lynn, has discovered the only genuine portrait of John Bransby known to exist. The original is in the possession of Miss Worth Taylor, by whose kind permission it is now for the first time reproduced. Bransby was Edgar Allan Poe's schoolmaster from 1817 to 1820 at the Manor House School, Stoke Newington. Although honourably remembered, wherever he lived, Bransby's chief claim to fame is this uncomplimentary reference to himself in Poe's tale, "William Wilson," which is supposed to be autobiographic in spirit of his Stoke Newington days. "Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as with step solemn and slow he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could this be he who, of late, with sour visage and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? O gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!"

Rev. John Bransby,
schoolmaster to Edgar Allan Poe at Stoke Newington.
A hitherto unpublished portrait. Copied from an oil painting in the possession of Miss Worth Taylor.

What is now proved to be a spurious portrait of Bransby has been widely circulated—it is in reality that of Dr. William Cooke, an eighteenth-century rector of Stoke Newington who died when Bransby was thirteen years old. The portrait here published was done in oils by John Rutland two or three years before Bransby's death.

Mr. J. M. Hay, whose new novel, "Barnacles," we review in this Number, began his literary career whilst a student at Glasgow University by contributing to the Press of that city, to *Chambers's Journal*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Saturday Westminster* and the *Spectator*. Two years ago his first novel, "Gillespie," made its appearance, and not only met with a most favourable reception from the critics, but has gone through six editions. "Barnacles" is an attempt to show the spirit of brotherhood that, it is hoped, will arise out of the war. Apart from the ethic of the story, it had its origin, Mr. Hay says, in a common borough sight. Walking along a country road, he saw a man leading a sheep by a rope tied round its neck; and that same evening he started to write a story of a man leading a sheep by a rope and had no idea where the sheep would lead him. He is at present engaged on another novel, one that deals with the Church of Scotland, its failure to reach its people, and its need of another reformation.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a new book by Mr. I. Zangwill—a series of essays dealing with the great problems of the day in their relation to the war, with a long prefatory "Apologia for not being a Pro-German."

From Mr. Heinemann too we are to have, in his excellent "Soldiers' Tales of the Great War" series, "Uncensored Letters from the Dardanelles"—the letters of a French Surgeon to his English wife; and "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles," the log of a Midshipman who was in his first term at Osborne when the war broke out, and who saw active service with the fleet in the North Sea, in African waters and the Dardanelles.

Mr. Wilson Crewdson, Vice-President of the Japan Society, author of "Japan, our Ally," and a contributor to the Nineteenth Century, being over military age, has occupied himself in patriotic work as an orderly in the Military Hospital at Arc-en-Barrois, France. Under the title of "French Heroes," he has now published (E. Copeman & Co., London, E.C.) a booklet, illustrated by photos, of the great work which is being carried on there. The hospital was organised by Miss Bromley-Martin for seriously wounded French soldiers—not of the well-to-do, but of the poorer and conscript type. The staff is British, but is under the authority of

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton,
whose new novel, "Dead Yesterday," Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

the French Government and of General Joffre. Mr. Crewsdon's booklet describes in detail the work done at the hospital. Out of 700 wounded men the lives of 670 were saved, which speaks volumes for the devotion of the workers. Mr. Crewsdon relates many striking and pathetic incidents of the heroism and endurance of the wounded, but makes no mention of his own activities. Both by his work as orderly and by the publication of this booklet, he has rendered valuable service to the patriotic cause.

Recent developments in Mesopotamia and thereabouts give a special interest to "The Gate of Asia," by William Warefield, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing. It is the record of a journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea, in the course of which the author had the unpleasant experience of being arrested by the Turks as a British spy.

"The Dweller in the Innermost" is the title of an anthology on Conscience which Messrs. Headley Brothers will publish at an early date. The volume will have as frontispiece a reproduction of Watts' famous picture, and will include an introduction by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, who discusses the question as to where, in dealing with Conscience, the line should be drawn between liberty and licence.

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, whose latest novel, "Dead Yesterday" (Duckworth) has met with an uncommonly favourable reception, is the daughter of Mr. Robert Adamson, who was Professor of Logic successively at Manchester, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. She took a First in History and a Second in Classics at Newnham. Mrs. Hamilton specialised there in the Economic section of the History course, and has always taken a keen and active interest in the economic questions of the day. Her two first novels were declined by every publisher who saw them; her third, "Less than the Dust," written in 1911, was accepted by the first publisher she sent it to; and in 1914 her next novel (the fourth if you count those that have never got into print) appeared under the title of "Yes."

There are few public men in whom the public is more keenly interested in these times than Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, and it is not surprising to hear that the fascinating story of his life, "W. M. Hughes: The Strong Man of Australia," by Stanhope W. Sprigg, which Messrs. Pearson published last month, is already in its second English edition. Mr. Sprigg has done his work carefully and well, and within the compass of a handy shilling volume tells of the early struggles

Photo by Thos. Forrest & Son, Pontypridd.

Mr. Joseph Keating,
whose autobiography, "My Struggle for Life," has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

and romantic career of the Welsh lad who rose to be one of the Empire's rulers. The book is prefaced with a special message from Mr. Hughes to the young people of the Empire.

"The Luck of the Strong," a new novel by Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, who is now serving in the Royal Field Artillery, will be published immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

"When I was Mary Bull" is the name Mr. R. Andom is giving to a pseudo-autobiographical volume in which he records his two years' experience as editor of that paper, and incidentally touches in some realistic pictures of modern London journalism. He has also completed a new "Troddles" book which Messrs. George Newnes are publishing shortly, with illustrations by Mr. Bernhard Hugh.

Photo by Parkes Press Studio. **Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. ("Sub Rosa"),** whose book of essays, "Things that don't Count" (Cecil Palmer & Hayward), is reviewed in this Number.

A new book by a new poet, "Ypres and Other Poems," by William G. Shakespeare, will be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

Mr. John F. Harris has written a study of "Samuel Butler, author of 'Erewhon': The Man and his Work," which Mr. Grant Richards is publishing shortly. His aim has been to show the essential unity underlying all Butler's work, philosophical, scientific and satirical, as well as such adventures into classical literature as his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Separate sections of the book are devoted to Butler's controversies with Darwin; to his scientific books; and to his curious theory that the Odyssey was written by a woman, a theory he held in all seriousness, though he found it hard to get others to treat it seriously. That remarkable novel, "The Way of All Flesh," is drawn upon for sidelights on Butler's own life; but Mr. Harris finds that the posthumously published "Note Books" best include and sum up Butler's many interests, and offer the completest expression of himself. In 1914 Mr. Harris came down from Cambridge, where he was sometime editor of the undergraduate weekly, *The Cambridge Magazine*. This is his first book, but he has contributed numerous articles and short stories to the magazines. He is working just now on a study of Utopias in Literature—from Plato to H. G. Wells.

The Americans, like ourselves, are confronted with a paper problem nowadays, and we might, perhaps, take a hint from the following notice which was recently issued by the Washington Department of Commerce:

"The attention of the Department of Commerce is called, by the president of a large paper manufacturing company, to the fact that there is a serious shortage of raw material for the manufacture of paper, including rags and old papers. He urges that the Department should make it known that the collecting and saving of rags and old papers would greatly better existing conditions for American manufacturers. Something like 15,000 tons of different kinds of paper and paper board are manufactured every day in the United States, and a large proportion of this, after it has served its purpose, could be used over again in some class of paper. A large part of it, however, is either burned or otherwise wasted. This, of course, has to be replaced by new materials. In the early history of the paper industry publicity was given to the importance of saving rags. It is of scarcely less importance now. The Department of Commerce is glad to bring this matter to the attention of the public in the hope that practical results may flow from it. A little attention to the saving of rags and old papers will mean genuine relief to our paper industry, and a diminishing drain upon our sources of supply for new materials."

"Watermeads," a new novel by Mr. Archibald Marshall, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The title page and Index to Volume 49 will be given with our next Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

VIOLET MARTIN (MARTIN ROSS) AND E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

AT any time the loss of one of the two cousins, Violet Martin (Martin Ross) and Edith Œnone Somerville, whose delightful humour has shed its lambent rays on a world much in need of it, would be a loss sadly to be deplored; in these days it is nothing short of a calamity. No one laughs now but the soldiers. We need, and we shall need, the tonic of honest and wholesome laughter. A touch of soullessness, even ever so light, would put humour out of court at this moment. Humour to save us now-a-days must be clean and wise; and we have lost the cleanest and wisest of all the humorists; at least, we have lost half of her. The great, sweet, humane companionship is broken by death.

The completeness of these humorists is due to the fact that they were, first of all, serious writers. More, they were poets. They had the clear eye of inward vision. One of the partners is an artist. Looking at the West of Ireland skies and landscapes which these cousins knew so well, one cries enviously, "Oh, for the brush of a painter!" One would need the colours of Turner or of A. E., but A. E. does not paint the winter skies. Imagine as I saw it this February morning at sunrise—first a long wash of ambient colour; above, a great cloud which I can only describe as mole colour. In that, feathery lines of living rose pulsing and breaking. Above that, clear greenish-blue. While I knelt in the little church the sun sent a sudden splash of light on the white-washed walls. I had to turn to make sure some great chandelier had not been lit. As we drove homeward the clouds wore the deep sapphire I have only seen in these skies. All the bog pools were sapphire, and the shoulder of a mountain far away was the colour of a Parma violet.

These winter skies shift from day to day, and every day you swear there was no sky ever so beautiful. These are the skies the Irish cousins got into their stories, since hunting is a winter pastime, and so many of their stories are concerned with hunting. They got in other things—the soft, wild winds, and the bogs, and the good going, and the moist air in your face, and the sweetness of an atmosphere pure as crystal.

In very few writers can there have been such a true proportion between the tragedy and comedy of life. I had almost written the serious and the comic side; but that would not convey my meaning, for the true artist is serious—I mean he respects himself and his work even when he is invoking the Muse of Laughter; and in these balanced and composed books we have, at least, something of a lasting joy. The honest humour is not for a day or for a year. It will not become dead, like the perishable books which are issued from the printing presses for a three months' life, season after season. To my mind these novels of Somerville and Ross have the air of classics. They portray Irish life as it is to-day, as it has been. With "Castle Rackrent," and some novels of Carleton's, they should have as much of immortality as we can foresee.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin. **Miss Violet Martin (Martin Ross).**

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin. **Miss E. Œ. Somerville.**

Someone has defined humour as a sense of proportion. Well, then, it cannot be perfect humour if it be lop-sided. Too many people know these humorists by "An Irish R.M."; too few by "The Real Charlotte," "The Silver Fox," and "Dan Russel the Fox." They worked excellently on a small canvas. In "In Mr. Knox's Country"—the last book, I suppose, that we shall have from that fortunate collaboration—their work in the short story is as good as ever. Their big achievement, however, was in "The Real Charlotte," which was a much bigger canvas, with two outstanding figures. Even in the rollicking stories, the rollicking goes on to a background of gravity. There is broad humane humour in "The Real Charlotte"; there is a big and a somewhat dreadful creation in Charlotte herself. The book appeared quite early in the partnership. It was not recognised—at least, as it ought to have been. Some time in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties, Willie Yeats told me that Henley had made a great discovery of "The Real Charlotte"; that

he was extravagantly delighted with it. I made haste to get "The Real Charlotte": I suppose I must have borrowed the book, for I do not now possess it; but the characters, and the comedy and tragedy of it, remain with me to this day. When I read it I had been reading "Père Goriot" and "Eugenie Grandet." I found a resemblance. Charlotte was a more towering figure than the cousins gave us again. She was created; they had hewed her out, and she had a suggestion of vastness and ugliness. Perhaps they did not like her when they had made her. Their work was otherwise so sunny. I was a very young reviewer in those days, but I remember saying that if Balzac had been an Irish writer he might have created Charlotte.

"The Silver Fox" is a slighter story, but I remember being delighted with its hunting and its landscapes, its touch of tragedy, and that weird supernatural breath of the middle world, between life and death, which is so often Irish superstition. That air from the country of the dead blows in "The Silver Fox," as it does so often in the Somerville and Ross books. It is a part of their faithfulness in the rendering of Irish life.

"Dan Russel the Fox" I place third in the list of their books; but the English public loved best the R. M. books, and those dealing with the delectable Flurry Knox and his old mother, who has certainly a true if slight kinship with Charlotte. I have always maintained that the English public are hungering for real humour, and delight in it when they find it; are so eager, indeed, that in the case of Irish humour they often *think* they have found an Irish humorist when they have not, and pretend politely to be vastly amused when they are really no such thing, but only a little bewildered as to the exact quality of Irish humour. But in the R. M. books there was no mistaking the quality. Like the best champagne it exhilarates tremendously, and like that, too, it only leaves sweet memories behind.

There is another quality in the Somerville and Ross books which makes for sweetness and light—that is their thorough appreciation and understanding of horses and dogs. We are very proud in Ireland that Dick Martin of Ross—Violet Martin's grandfather—introduced into the English House of Commons the first Bill for the protection of animals. A real love of animals, a delight and a tenderness for their ways, is surely an eighth sense. With what compassion those who possess it look upon the maimed and narrow outlook of those who do not. The horses, the ponies, the dogs in these books are as real as the human beings. Where else can you find the little Irish horse who, bred by a mountain farmer and picking up his livelihood like the chickens or the half-bred collie about the cabin-door, becomes so dearly half-humanised a creature—the children's playmate and half their nurse—as you find him in Somerville and Ross. He it is later, who, if the master "has drink taken," goes home safely, with all care for his precious human freight.

I have often wondered which was the leading spirit in this collaboration of the two Irish cousins, since it would seem that there must have been one who predominated. One has heard of Violet Martin as an invalid, lying on a sofa. A hunting accident? Even in the latest "Who's Who" she gives hunting as her favourite recreation. Had she to give up those strenuous joys then, or to keep them only in memory? and did Miss Somerville, M.F.H., bring in the wild, fresh airs that are in the later books? I have asked Miss Somerville herself about the collaboration. She has answered me:

"In the great majority of the books we have published together there is hardly a sentence in which we did not, in the fullest sense of the word, collaborate, but in 'Some Irish Yesterdays,' in the articles reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, there are examples of her writing single-handed. I think to a poet like yourself there are passages in these articles that would appeal very specially."

I take down "Some Irish Yesterdays" from its shelf, and revel once again in Miss Somerville's Irish types. Surely she has no rival in this *genre*. But in the letterpress one seeks for the momentary dissolution of partnership. "Some Irish Yesterdays" has been, to my mind, the least satisfactory of the later Somerville and Ross books. It has less cohesion. It is more haphazard and broken. It is not fused. So it seems that neither cousin could do without the collaboration. I think I can identify Violet Martin in the last thing in the book—"Children of the Captivity." Though for the matter of that there is not the slightest reason why it should not be Edith Somerville. Anyhow, one has a feeling of their having parted company, and the single each lacks the completion of the other. The rich humour of Miss Somerville's drawings persuades us that hers was the Spirit of Laughter. Is this Violet Martin's authentic utterance?

"The road to Connemara lies white across the memory, white and very quiet. In that far west of Galway the silence dwells pure upon the spacious country, away to where the Twelve Pins make a gallant line against the northern sky."

Was she the poet? Ah well, so finely fused are these two spirits that they cannot disentangle, and each missing the other loses something. Do not heed those strange latter-day prophets who cry Lo here! Lo there! of the Irish dialect and the Irish mind. They are here in Somerville and Ross. There is just one strand missing from their compact web of Irish life—the religion and the priest. Without these there must always be a certain detachment. But the onlooker sees most of the game, and it may be that the observation is keener, more delighted and delightful because of that detachment. There are few things in our days for which we owe more gratitude than for the results of this collaboration. It casts a new shadow on the day that it is over.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE READER.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL: NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT.

By J. P. Collins.

IN his tribute to English character Emerson spoke of the rude health and petulancy of our young men. "They stoutly carry," he said, "into every nook and corner of the world their turbulent sense; and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides." They may not shine in Kultur and Kriegspiel, but they know a true cause when they see one; they wage a straight fight; they endear themselves to the men they lead; above all, they "die game." Action is the very breath of their nostrils, and in "the bright eyes of danger" shines their paramount divinity. We have falsified the fear expressed in a preface of Mr. Vachell's years ago, when he wrote: "To-day the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" Well, we have stood the test with something better than words, and of his own work—young, vivid, and direct—one may fairly say the same.

It is as an interpreter of action, or British character in action, that Mr. Vachell interests one most. Power in motion occupies him to the exclusion of power in repose. In this the artist is consistent with the man. A keen rider himself, he writes, you may say, with a close rein, and never loosens it till he has landed his field of characters back under shelter of a logical outcome, cheerful for choice. This passion for energy has preserved him from the morbid, the cheap and the futile, and if he has sometimes flirted with the inadequate, he has not spared himself compensatory pains. A happy fertility has saved him from a common fate. Most writers lavish on their early work material they might have husbanded and turned to advantage later on; that kind of remorse is part of the price incurred in learning a difficult craft. Mr. Vachell attacked it under arduous conditions, in the seventeen years he spent in California, and he has never been gravelled for lack of matter since. It is characteristic of him that he went there to shoot buffalo; having bagged his bull, he took up ranching, and pursued the one as he had pursued the other, to the death. There seemed no chance of war just then, so he gave up his commission in the Rifle Brigade, and alternated steers with stories. He has been heard to say there are early books of his that deserve to be "scrapped"; what is better, he has given us successors enough to wipe them out. I would put in a recommendation to mercy for the first book of all, "The Romance of Judge Ketchum." In his cow-punching period he fell in with a judge whose nose was Cyranonian enough to provoke enlargement with the pen. On the strength of his commanding organ, this Rhadamanthus of the West smelt him out an ancestry, and Mr. Vachell conceived him as coming to England to trace it. The idea of so tough and brambly a character invading the ordered garden of an old-world society has been variously developed, but never with a better sense of comedy, and I hope to meet that "jedge" again across the footlights. This book and four or five succeeding it, come under the first of the categories into which I venture to classify our author's work. They are Stories of Race and Travel, and exceed the other sections in point of number. Once only he has reverted to this vogue in recent years—in the case of "Spragge's Canyon"; and although the character interest supersedes that of travel and type, it is a reversion in more ways than one, for it shows a return to that realism which Meredith recommended to novices as the safer course. As George Spragge said to Hazel:

> "I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me";

and a return to the cloudless light of the west had sharpened the novel's outlines as of old. "A Drama of Sunshine" (1897), is perhaps the popular favourite in this early group, but its desperate feuds between land-sharks and the law seem to scorch even California, and set up discord among those beautiful

H. A. Vachell
in his Study
at Beechwood House, Bartley, Southampton—the room in which most of his novels and plays were written during the last fifteen years.

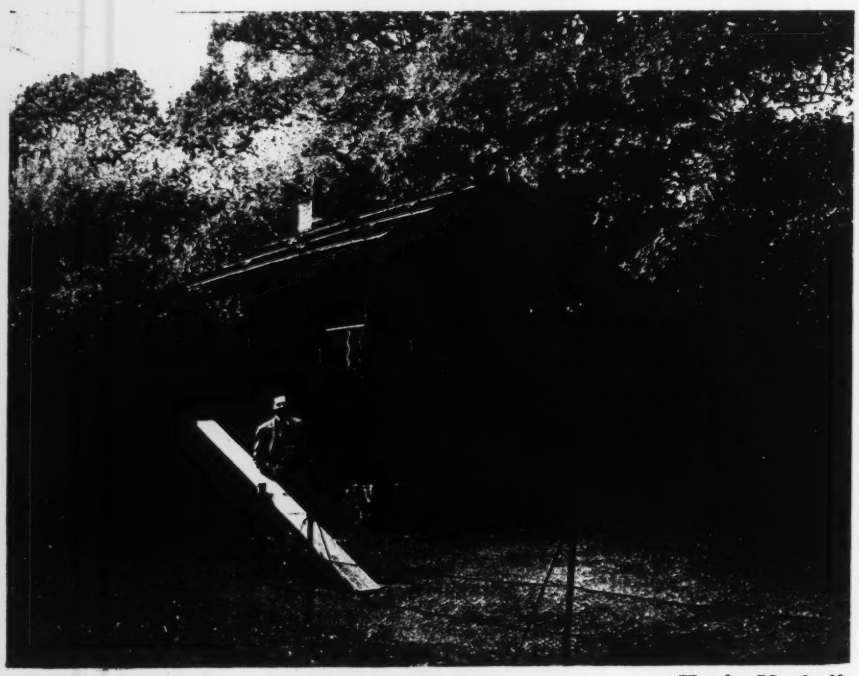
H. A. Vachell
at the age of 6.

names of the old Spanish missions that have sown a grace of peace and canonisation along the burnt Pacific slope. The short stories of this and a later time fill two of Mr. Vachell's books, "Bunch Grass" and "Loot," nearly all of the cameo type, crisply cut, and episodic to a fault, but useful as showing how their author has passed from the inevitable influence of Bret Harte. With these and "John Charity"—archaic at the outset and indecisive at the close—we take our leave of California as a setting, though the author returns to it frequently for colour relief, and need never quite abandon so rich a field. The same holds good with regard to Brittany, the only land that divides his affections with California and England. Brittany—the *Bretonne bretonnante*, the songs of Botrel, and the appetising cotrillade—pass and repass through his books, much as the Venus motive haunts Tannhäuser. It was an abrupt transition, truly, from the sun-cracked foothills of the sierras to the land of legends and menhirs and pardons, with its lowering skies, and its *morne*, unearthly memories; but if California made him a man of action, Brittany helped to make him an artist and a humanist. He was in search not of landscape or melodrama, but of real men and women, creatures equal to enduring whatever providence and nature sent. The virtues he had prized in his western neighbours were "generosity, courage, and that amazing power of recuperation which enables a man to begin life again and again, undaunted by the bludgeonings of misfortune." Bludgeonings, Henley's word, will crop up over and over again, whether in the Golden State, or in the grey hinterland of Concarneau, or among the cathedral-shadowed fields of Cranberry-Orcas — wherever, in fact, there were men to be found defying convention and augury and winning by dint of the spirit. For the real victory is something better than achievement.

* * * * *

With his return to England—it was 1900 and his thirtieth year—Mr. Vachell gave himself to literature in earnest. From this time on he was to build up human beings from within, instead of assembling scattered notes and fragments. Bathed in the charm of our southern shires, and mellowing his recollections, he was entering on the second stage of his evolution, the period of his Society Romances, ranging from "The Pinch of Prosperity" (1903) to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim." In hours of confidence he lifts a light sarcastic nostril at mention of "The Pinch," and thinks Arthur Wyndquest a prig. Maybe, yet the book contains worse weaknesses. One is the old device of similarity in a twin, a shuffle of identity which not even Shakespeare could use with ease. But as a "study of twisted lives" this novel shows an advance along lines of resolute ambition, and the paradox in the title harbours a tonic irony. What is more, the author has begun to understand women; he is changing from a Ulysses to an Œdipus; and Pretty Parslow proves that the sphinx of sex is yielding to the determined wooer. "Her Son," along with a greyish monotony of style and an unescapable ending, is another sign in the same direction, and I wish I had seen the play it furnished. "The Paladin" about this time marked another step in the direction of the stage, but Mr. Vachell's plays may wait awhile. "The Shadowy Third," "The Waters of Jordan," and "Blinds Down," all mild indictments of the social statute, show further improvements in the handling of womanhood, and the use of indicative and palatable satire. Clearly, we have long since outgrown the scolding vein of old Mrs. Parslow:

"I don't expec' ter see men in the Noo Jeroosalem. That's why we're told there's to be no marryin' nor givin'



H. A. Vachell.

The photograph shows the Children's Cottage in the Beechwood garden.

Photo by G. H. Knight, San Francisco.

Mr. Vachell is the central figure. **On a Cattle Ranche in California.**

in marriage. . . . Oh, it's we women as suffers 'ere below, but I'd be no Christian if I doubted that the men's turn will come."

There is more than assonance in name and tone connecting Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Poyser, but the link is an honourable one, and we descry a latent chivalry maturing in the author, if not an actual championship of womanhood. Happily, a growing confidence of touch in dealing with leisure and fashion and wealth, brings no disillusion that is not normal. Moreover, opportunity is being made and mastered, instead of turning up unsuspected or unprized, as in the callow work of years ago.

* * * * *

Goethe said that true religion consisted in a triple reverence—for what is beyond us, the creatures round us, and the faculties within ourselves. The third phase reveals itself in a grip of the problem of self-conquest. Probably the book that springs first to the popular mind at mention of Mr. Vachell's name is "The Hill," which does for Harrow what "Tom Brown" did for the Rugby of half a century ago. Its characters, we are assured, were composite photographs, not portraits, but "Scud" East could hardly have been far away when that young rogue Desmond loomed upon the camera. Scaife runs a narrow risk of recalling Steerforth in "David Copperfield," but he has a fibre in him which is absent in that ringleted Lothario, and he only fails us in the sequel, "John Verney." Somehow, this last book rings hollow, like its politics, and there is no chapter in it to vie with the threefold cross-examination in Mr. Warde's study. Let us hope for better work in the third book Mr. Vachell promises to round off the trilogy. "Brothers" lifts us to a broader and a higher plane, though it was earlier in the writing, and suffers from over-emphasis. There is no comparison between the gospel of Archibald and the gospel of Mark, but the professional prelate, odious as he is, excels in workmanship the agonised apostle of the East End; and as for Betty, she is simply a stand-aside, clad in a double disappointment, ours as well as hers. Mollie in "The Other Side" enters on renunciation with a better grace, but she is eclipsed by the intensity of her father and his supernatural experience.

In previous dealings with the occult (detestable word) Mr. Vachell made mistakes like torturing a dead soul because of an unrestored ring, as if immaterial beings could be the sport of things inanimate, whether rings or tumbling tables. Here in "The Other Side" the supernatural machinery has dignity and justification, and the prefatory defence was hardly needed. It points out the coincidence with Mr. Bennett's novel, "The Glimpse," and pleads that the resemblance was involuntary and anticipative. As a matter of fact, the resemblance is superficial. Mr. Bennett uses the interval of disembodiment as a psychological experiment; Mr. Vachell's purpose is of the missionary order. He is out to save his hero from worldliness, as Browning does in his incomparable "Karshish," and Dickens in "A Christmas Carol." But when all is said and done, "The Other Side" is inferior to "The Face of Clay," which in many essential respects I take to be Mr. Vachell's masterpiece in the region of pure romance. One feels disposed to set this novel back among the stories of Race and Travel, but its figures are better than its background and folklore, and Téphany has no superior in the whole range of the author's work. Rumour deponeth that he awards the laurels to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim," apart from the usual enthusiasm of a writer for his youngest-born; and "Tim" certainly has undeniable claims from its dips into autobiography, and the finished roundness of its structure. Again, Daphne Rokeby is a new and lovable Penelope, without flaw or reward, but a certain elaboration of form robs the book of half its naturalness, and "Tim" must stand or fall by certain passages. These are instinct with courage and the "rougher strain" of truth; they belong to the downright school of Fielding; but the divisioning of the book distracts one by its cleverness. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell is too thorough to remain a slave to mere finesse.

* * * * *

A word remains to be said of the plays, though by right they deserve an essay to themselves, and I have no space at all for "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Mr. Vachell owns not only to five or six plays

that the public has honoured, but to nine others which will never see the light. He admits this novitiate of failure was good for him, certainly better than the early success which awaited his novels and in consequence delayed his real arrival. But he has won his stage spurs with something more than perseverance. With his faculty for hitting the public taste, it is to his credit that he has given it only his best; thank goodness, he has not, as so many other dramatists have done, yielded to the temptation:

"to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth."

So far he has produced healthy and individual work, nor has he descended from the high standard of his literary ideals. His stage heroes need not fear or disdain a gallery triumph so long as they talk and act on the level of the novels. Napier's driving force in "The Case of Lady Camber" is all the more effective at the last for having been latent till then; but the Paladin he deposes, as in the novel, is the more finished piece of drawing. Somehow the tall talk that suits Sir Bedford Slufter is inappropriate in the hero, but the last act redeems this and other faults with a superb and restrained culmination, nailed up and caulked, like a good chess problem, until the key-move lets in the light. The integral action of "Jelf's" is impaired by dependence on a loud and adventitious "bookie," and Dick in the fourth act loses grit after his two fine outbursts in the third. But the characterisation is true to life, and Dick was not at Harrow for nothing, or in California either. Blaine, the dominant force in "Searchlights," is too adamantine to be welcome outside the City area; but the hero of "Quinney's" would conquer anywhere. At one point he gives a dangerous opening, where he taunts Posy with not knowing a "fake" when she sees one; this lays him open to the retort of heredity, for he has just convicted himself of this very defect. Perfect in all else, "Quinney's" remains Mr. Vachell's summit of theatrical achievement, none the less so because the wife and daughter are a marked advance on his stage heroines hitherto. He has qualified in drama as he took years to do in fiction. He has mastered feminine character and made it workable on level terms with his men. I know no higher praise.

* * * * *

There is internal evidence that Mr. Vachell's writings are rapidly produced, or else that when he revises, if ever, he does it with an eye more to the purport than the text. Taste resents the meaningless christening of a trivial American in "The Face of Clay" with a name like Johnnie Keats, and there are touches in certain of the other books likely to yield to a corrective pen. But in the main, Mr. Vachell's style is like his heroes, rapid, masterful, resourceful, and more than equal to the situation. It will grace many a twentieth-century anthology of English prose. It would be hard to improve upon it as a vehicle for that temperamental appetite for action which I conceive to be the main characteristic of the man. Like Kipling and Masefield, he interprets British nature faithfully because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity. Only in this way can you get what the savants call the geodetic curve. Mr. Vachell appreciates England—especially his beloved Sussex and Hampshire—because he has earned her approval by the sweat of his brow under fiercer skies. It is no bad cue for the training of a writer, and it has certainly proved its value in Mr. Vachell's case.

THE STORY OF HUGH BENSON.*

By Dr. WILLIAM BARRY.

A SIGNIFICANCE far from common attaches to these volumes, whether we take account of the subject, the author, or the treatment. Father Martindale is a Jesuit, a convert to the Roman Church, distinguished for his literary talents as a boy at Harrow, still more as a student in Oxford, where he won the Ireland and other great prizes, and took a brilliant degree. His writings, marked by delicate fancy, refined, subtle, and everywhere showing the classic touch, have made him friends outside the pale of his own Church and of the Society to which he brings such good gifts. We may congratulate him now on a difficult piece of work well done. It is the largest he has attempted, and is a triumph of faithful portrait-painting. So I judge, although I never saw Hugh Benson, and know him only by his printed word, not all of which I have read. But with a biographer so painstaking, affectionate to the memories clustering round his subject, and at the same time sensitively aware of the different points of view that may be held, we are safe. He interprets to the public—I mean to a multitude like myself, interested in Father Benson but unacquainted with him personally—what manner of man he was; how his family looked upon him; his own aims and ambitions; and the tragedy of a career as brief as remarkable. Moreover, he is bold enough to leave the heart of the mystery a secret when he lays down his pen. There is no short, sharp formula in which to sum up the dead man as on a tombstone. When he went to the grave, says Father Martindale with rare courage, this friend and counsellor of so many had not one intimate friend himself. He willed that it should be thus. Robert Hugh Benson was a spiritual solitary, a Trappist in the limelight; and the stage where he preached or published was his cell.

In his own person he contrived a dramatic situation, almost from the beginning. His pedigree gave him that right. Son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a learned man, even a schoolmaster, who did not understand this rather queer lad, he passed over to the Roman Church. As a convert his mere name was a challenge or an argument. It could not fail to advertise him, whatever he did. His mother, Mary Sidgwick, came of

* "The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson." By C. C. Martindale, S.J. 2 Vols. 18s. net. (Longmans.)

Photo by Sarony

H. A. Vachell.

a family equal in comparison to the Darwins and Galtons by its wealth of intellectual power—religious yet speculative, orthodox and Church of England, but concerned about ghosts, patronising psychical research, and not at all afraid of expressing its beliefs to a numerous company. Then to Lambeth and Canterbury add Eton, Cambridge, the East End, Mirfield with its Anglican monks, travels in Egypt and Palestine—conceive these divers notes entering into the composition of a life not yet fully harmonised. Conversion follows: the scene is changed but the man remains; as one said not without some justification, "He was always simply Robert Hugh Benson." Seldom has the transit from the English Communion to the ancient Mother Church been accomplished in a way so honourable to all around. In a very noble sense we may venture to speak of Mrs. Benson's heroism—no less a word is adequate—when the act was to be done, and in the feverish years until the curtain fell amid applause on her son's achievement. For he had shown himself an artist in every light, greatest when he faced death quietly, his books written, his sermons preached, and a monastic rule, inspired by "John Inglesant," making of his quaint Hertfordshire home an ideal scriptorium, worthy to find a place in history. He had studied Rome from inside the Vatican, his journeyings in the United States were public events, a very large audience on both sides of the Atlantic welcomed and bought the romances that succeeded one another in breathless haste. Smilingly he apologised for them by insisting that the family genius wore itself out about forty. Middle age he did not ask to see. He was born at Wellington College on November 18th, 1871; he died at Hare Street, Buntingford, on October 19th, 1914. In a short space he fulfilled a long time.

There is a horoscope given in the appendix, drawn out in 1911, to which Father Martindale rightly assigns no value, but which R. H. Benson sought and kept. It is a symbol rather than a prophecy. Long, however, before this Anglican convert, Catholic priest, mystic, and novelist, appeared on the boards, men who watched the currents of European literature might have perceived that a place was waiting for someone like him, if he chose to take it, among English writers. The season was visibly on the turn from Realism to Occultism, France leading the way. Here as elsewhere the craft and influence of Flaubert had wrought an immense change in the dominant mood of men of letters. The exotic, the mediæval, the abnormal, claimed a new attention. Types and emblems were held more precious than photographs; stories with a deep meaning became fashionable. The boundless possibilities of Catholic "Saints' Lives," as material for high wrought fiction, dawned on these "soul-hunters"; and psychology allied to pathology opened sources of imagination not ill resembling the Romanticist impulse to which Victor Hugo, George Sand, Balzac himself in part, owed their earlier fame. From "Notre Dame de Paris," from "Spiridion" and "Le Curé de Village," we move along by-paths, noting the morbid or picturesque details which Flaubert, despite his robust Paganism, borrowed from Catholic legends, and coming down to Barbey d'Aurevilly, to Verlaine, and at length to the Dutch-French decadent, J. K. Huysmans. This was the man who discovered the internal machinery, the very infallible process, by which this modern kind of "Auto da fè" should be made effective. The overture (if I may change my illustration) to our play has its pattern in "A Rebours"; the proscenium lies in front of "La Cathédrale"; the plot reaches its culmination in "En Route"; the devils make a great noise under the stage in "Là-Bas," and in "Sainte Lidwine de Schiedam" the last scene is reached where suffering as at Molokai takes to itself the halo of martyrdom. If we carved on Father Benson's statue these words, "The English Catholic Huysmans," we should do him no wrong.

Doubtless, he was much more. He drew, painted, gave us touching verses, composed historical novels—a sort of prose continuing Scott (although he had no liking for Scott), and preached with success a mystical theology. He has left besides two pictures of apocalypse, "Lord of the World," and "The Dawn of All." Both are striking. They sprang from the association he made with a man of ambiguous quality, Frederick Rolfe, better known under his translated designation as "Baron Corvo," whose "Hadrian VII." I read, and did not like, in manuscript. It found a publisher and obtained what Father Martindale, if I am not in error, wittily calls "a success of surprise." Mr. Rolfe had genius, audacity, as well as a sort of scholarship; he gave himself with nearly equal enthusiasm to the Catholic Church and the Renaissance. How strongly he wrought upon Hugh Benson's temperament is well shown in this biography; nor do I differ much from Mr. Ellis Roberts in my view of the power he put forth, and the consequences it secured to him. But he did not change the inward abiding character of Benson, who was ever dominated, as Father Martindale acutely observes, by a sense of fear—fear of the vast unknown. Naturally, then, he admired Maeterlinck, who has given to this Shakespearian terror its most haunting recent expression. We feel it, of course, in Verlaine, as in the whole French school of "the Frightened," *les Peureux*. It is a gloomy underground chord which sounds again and again in Benson's stories. It had its resonance in his life, too; but he was deliberately brave, fighting against pain like a soldier, fronting shadows and passing through them alone. If we might argue from such books as "A Winnowing" or "The Necromancers," he dwelt on the edge of a great darkness. There are many who count "Richard Raynal, Solitary," as far the best thing he ever did. Perhaps it is. At all events, it rises out of the deeps within him; it is art untouched by literary affectations; and it seems to lay the spirit bare. Most excellent in this also that it has no machinery.

And on such a pall of night Benson embroiders society stories, with a care that reminds us of Bourget apologising for his hero who has not brought a valet to lay out his evening clothes. We live in drawing-rooms and country houses when these authors of Cosmopolis entertain us.

Father Benson requires that setting. He is of the select by a certain hardness, by the irony and satire in which he takes a quiet pleasure, by fastidious rejections of men and manners not coming up to his standard; but especially by choosing all through life what

he means to do, and doing it without any loud cries, imperturbably. Inside a Church renowned for its discipline, this young convert went and came as he listed; he followed his own bent; in the words of Father Martindale, he "knew himself to be unlike, and wanted to be unlike, a type of Catholic priest which is held by many to be so general, so deliberately produced, as alone to be satisfactory." But he would be himself.

For literature, then, Hugh Benson's import lies in his widely accepted handling of romance and religion upon lines already traced by French pioneers, whom he knew indirectly, save J. K. Huysmans; but he was their cousin by affinities established in his own home, and by a never-changing temperament. For Catholics he has the charm of a variation in type, decided and suggestive.

Robert Hugh Benson.
From a photograph in the possession of Bernard Merefield, Esq.
From "The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson," by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Longmans.)

His biography should draw the serious attention of all who are concerned in training the clergy. For the general public, who borrow books from Mudie's, what does he signify? He is a celebrity, born in the purple, so to speak; English in his self-determination, Etonian, Cambridge man, fond of athletics after an individual fashion, rather eccentric, but always belonging to the world which London looks up to and in easy touch with it. He had humour, slang, scorn, in the due proportions. He was a great success; and he won his distinctions by sheer hard work. It does not detract from these fine English endowments that he added to them a religion of his own choosing.

The general public will send for this book. I am lucky enough to possess it. I thank Father Martindale, and I shall read it again for its dark pages no less than its store of anecdotes, its French grace, and its sincerity.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

A DEATH-DAY GATHERING IN JAPAN.

(FROM A JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT.)

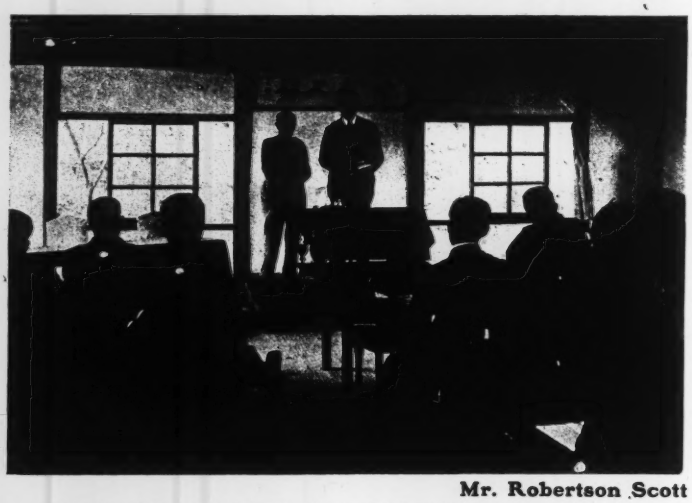
THE posthumous honour conferred on Lafcadio Hearn by the Emperor of Japan, the close relations which exist between Great Britain and Japan, and the conspicuous part which the island Empire is taking and is likely to take in the development of affairs in the Orient, must have sent many new and old readers to the "Interpretation" and "Kokoro." The posthumous honour to Hearn is in itself noteworthy as the highest honour of the sort ever conferred on a foreigner, though as Hearn in his later days became not only a Buddhist but a Japanese, he can hardly be reckoned a foreigner. Until the conferment of this honour little enough had been done in Japan in recognition of Hearn's services. A few weeks ago, however, a number of old pupils and admirers at Matsue, in Shimane, the beautiful city on the northern coast of Japan in which Hearn lived so long, arranged a memorial meeting on his death-day.

It was held in the building of the Prefecture, and a high official was present. In an ante-room there was a little exhibition of Hearn's works, with some portraits and some specimens of his handwriting. The meeting would have been entirely Japanese had it not chanced that Mr. Robertson Scott, the author of a number of books on country subjects above the *nom de guerre* "Home Counties," who has been in Japan for nearly a year making an investigation of its rural life and agriculture, chanced to be passing through Matsue; and he and his travelling companion, Mr. Yanaghita, Secretary of the House of Peers and editor of a rural folklore monthly, were invited to attend and speak.

Mr. Yanaghita dwelt on the remarkable hold which Hearn, although there was a strong prejudice against him when he came to the University, obtained on his students; and several letters which were read to the meeting testified to the affectionate regard in which his memory is still cherished by many of the young men with whom he came in contact in other parts of Japan than Tokyo.

Mr. Robertson Scott said that while every foreigner who wants to know something of Japanese life and feeling owes a debt to Hearn, he was glad that that meeting was a meeting of Japanese. For, in view of some criticisms he had heard of Hearn in Japan, he had considered whether some Japanese had realised what conception Europe and America would have had of Japan if there had been no Hearn. Whatever her army and navy, her commerce and shipping had taught the world about Japan, it was Hearn who had made it understand something of her soul. What was wrong about so many books about Japan was not that their facts were wrong. What was wrong was their author's

attitude of mind. Some Japanese had said that Hearn was "too poetical," and that "some of his inferences were inaccurate." That was as might be. What mattered most was that the mental attitude of Hearn was right. He did not approach the study of Japan as a mere collector of facts or as a superior person. What he brought was the humble, studious, imaginative, sympathetic attitude; and it was only by a man of his rare type that one country could be interpreted to another.



Mr. Robertson Scott
addressing, through an interpreter, the memorial meeting of Japanese at Matsue.

The famous "house in the Kitabori-machi," in which Hearn lived in Matsue is reverently preserved by its present owner, and an increasing number of Hearn lovers find their way thither. The walled garden is very much the same as it was in Hearn's day, except that the pond at the back of the house has been filled up.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation in four or eight lines of original verse of the Woman Gardener.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. J. Perman, of Annandale, Merthyr Tydfil, for the following:

TO A MIRROR.

Her eyes, her starry eyes were thine,
The glory of her gleaming hair,
Her smile-enchanted lips—but mine
Her loving heart, her tender care.

The jewelled fires that flashed and leapt
Upon her bosom were for thee;
But goodness, sweetness, love she kept
Within, apart, and all for me. . . .

Thrice happy thou! whose crystal clear
Her beauty's perfect image bore;
Thou canst not mourn a heart once dear,
Nor weep a love that comes no more.

A. J. PERMAN.

We also select for printing:

ROADS.

There's a high-road stretching northward that is broad and white and neat,
With a primrose-sheltering hedge on either hand,
Where it's good to travel swiftly with the wind about your feet
And the sunlight lying clear across the land.

There's a little, crazy cross-road that goes stumbling up the broogh
And twisting round the corners of the Dreem,
Where the sea-mists often gather, and the travellers are few,
And white gulls across the ploughland fly and scream.

There's a grey road on the mountains leading out towards the night,
Through the lonely boggy places of the west,
In the glamour of the twilight, when the stars are scarce alight
And the sea-wind croons the rushes into rest.

And it's there I would be walking, out across the earth's blue edge
And away towards the faintly shining sea,
When the wavering stars awaken and the wind among the sedge
Breathes a hint of deeper darkness yet to be.

(Mona Douglas, Ballarragh, Laxey, Isle of Man.)

OF JOY.

When at God's hand
No grieving lay,
He made your soul
Upon that day.

With steady touch,
Eye keen and true,
Of joy alone
He builded you.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 11, Dominick Street, New York City, U.S.A.)

STORM-CHILD.

Let the wind wrest the world-rage from my soul!—
Strangle the pride of me,
Check the strong stride of me,
Pluck out the roots of my mad uncontrol!
Death and Decay are deep sown in my mind,
To-night I am fatherless but for the wind.

Let the rain beat on my uncovered head!—
Put out the fire in me;
Deluge Desire in me,
Purge me and cleanse me as they who lie dead!
Tongues of red Evil conspire in my brain,
To-night I am motherless but for the rain.

Let the storm gather me close to its breast!—
Whirl me on high with it,
So would I die with it:
Die unforgotten—unmourned and unblessed.
War is a pagan whom none may reform;
Fatherless—Motherless—Child of the Storm!

(Cyril G. Taylor, The Bee Hive, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.)

One of the best of the many lyrics received is Miss Cleland's "Apologia," but it is marred by one or two jarring phrases, such as "strove in the bitter sour," and "abstract gain." We select for special commendation the twenty-five lyrics by Beatrice Cleland (Penge), Ida May (Barnes), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), A. Phillpotts (Torquay), Violet Chapman (Burnham), J. F. Harkness Graham (Glasgow), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Beatrice Harland (West Hartlepool), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), W. R. L. (Durham), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), A. Welch (Chiswick), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), M. M. (Cairo), G. H. Powell (Bayswater), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), W. Handley Jones (Barnes), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), H. Fairfax-Brown (Braunton), G. H. Browning (Watford), A. M. R. (Cawsand), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Corporal Kent (Barry), D. P. Thomas (Clarence Gate), W. J. E. Smart (New Barnet), Sarah Cole (Nottingham), G. J. S. Fleming (Durham), A. H. Scott Page (London, E.C.), Herbert Hitchen (Sowerby Bridge).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

ADAM CAST FORTH. By C. M. DOUGHTY. (Duckworth.)
"How many apples have you had?"
HENRY S. LEIGH, *Only Seven.*

We also select for printing:

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. By ERIC LEADBITTER. (Allen & Unwin.)
"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy."
MRS. HEMANS, *The Better Land.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

CHAPEL. By D. MILES LEWIS. (Heinemann.)
"To sleep: perchance to dream."
Hamlet, Act III., Scene I.

(E. H. Piper, 19, Queen's Road, South Norwood, S.E.)

ATLANTIC NIGHTS. By CAPT. F. H. SHAW. (Cassell.)
"And the steward jumps up and hastens
For the necessary basins."
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY, *The White Squall.*

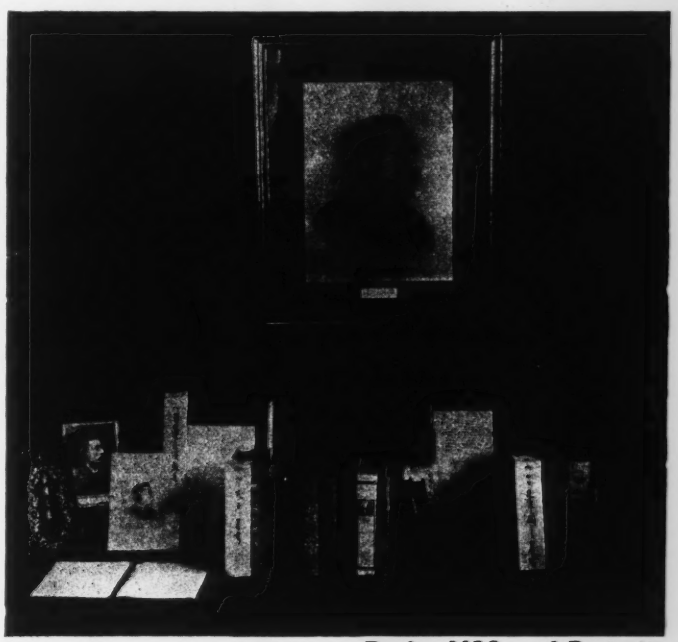
(Ellen J. M. White, 145, East India Road, London, E.)

AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. By A. FFORDE. (Allen & Unwin.)
"Dukes were three a penny."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE HOUSE OF WAR. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. (Nash.)
"And they that loved
At first like dove and dove, were cat and dog."
TENNYSON, *Walking to the Mail.*

(Alice Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)



Books, MSS. and Portraits of Lafcadio Hearn
on exhibition at the Memorial Meeting.

The house at Matsue where Lafcadio Hearn lived.

"I shall return," wrote Hearn, "to the house in Kitaborimachi."

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following:

ORIGINAL MOTTO FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

With generous strength of brain and brawn,
" Shell out " ; and hasten Victory's dawn!

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

The mottoes, though numerous, have been on the whole disappointing. The three best out of the many others are by Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Christine Snelling (Brockley), Vincent Hamson (Bedford).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to A. L. Ralphs, of Lyndale, Alexandra Road, Abergavenny, for the following:

THE WAY OF THE CROSS. By DOROSHEVITCH.

(Constable.)

A sad, beautiful book this. The author gives us to see and feel the agony of the Russian and Polish multitude which fled before the great German drive of last autumn. The endless, grey procession of carts drawn by gaunt, staggering horses, and accompanied by their suffering, hopeless owners; the long road with its group, every few miles, of white crosses marking children's graves; the superhuman exertions of the fugitives to get food at the relief points; the miserable, smoke-filled camps in the woods;—all these scenes and more haunt the reader long after the book is put down.

We also select for printing:

LOVE BY AN INDIAN RIVER. By MRS. PENNY.

(Chatto & Windus.)

This is a very striking story, with much valuable light thrown upon Indian customs and beliefs. The characters are vivid and true to life. The story is not an effort at description; it is a mirror held up to the tropical scenes in which the narrative moves. Miss Longford is a worthy heroine; her lover is a man in every sense of the word, and the antithesis of the unscrupulous German agent, who meets with a tragic end. The whole story adds to the splendid series by which we learn to understand our magnificent India.

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley, E. Yorks.)

THE ADVENTURES OF LIEUT. LAWLESS, R.N.

By ROLF BENNETT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a diversion and a tonic! It lacks the "grim reality" of most modern war books, but it is redolent with the true spirit of our navy. "*Impossible*" we exclaim, while holding our breath at some *outrageously* daring exploit; but who are we to say what is possible in modern warfare? Lawless is a type we have all known and loved in fiction for at least one period of our life—clever, brave and daring, ay, and *rash* in his daring. Given enough men of the "Lawless" type and the war will soon end.

(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Matlock.)

WOMEN IN MODERN INDUSTRY.

By B. L. HUTCHINS. (Bell.)

In a time when women have so overwhelmed the labour market and created a dangerous tendency towards an uncontrolled competition of the sexes, a book with such a sane point of view as this is warmly welcome. Miss Hutchins is opposed to such a competition, but realising apparently that *some* competition is inevitable, and that women will permanently invade men's spheres, she centres her attention largely on the improvement of women's place in labour, and their relation to trade unionism. She handles the intricate problems skilfully, and out of an imposing array of facts deduces some interesting theses.

(Vincent Hamson, 107, Denmark Street, Bedford.)

TWENTY YEARS IN BAGHDAD AND SYRIA.

By CANON J. T. PARFIT. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Canon Parfit's book supplies some illuminating footnotes to current history in the Near East. The author has lived and moved about freely from Baghdad to Jerusalem and has made good use of unrivalled opportunities of observation. He exposes the hand of Germany cunningly at work above and below the surface. The Kaiser's agents kept themselves busy, and any sort of weapon was appropriate for the furtherance of their sinister ends. They were aiming a mortal blow at Britain, and they nearly succeeded—but not quite. This book, teeming with facts presented in kaleidoscopic colour and movement, should be read by every British citizen.

(E. B. Fleming, 4, Dalziach Terrace, Oban.)

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY L. G. REDMOND-HOWARD.

(John Long.)

This book, one of the most popular in Germany, is a prose "Hymn of Hate." Britain and her people are held up to scorn—our failings are mercilessly criticised, we are branded as cowards and accused of treachery, but throughout it is evident that the cause of Germany's hatred is jealousy—jealousy of our world-power, business and financial strength, and of the loyalty which our Sons of Empire have shown. The style is varied: descriptive power is shown, at times bombastic, again poetical and picturesque, but the chief note is the bitter irony with which everything English is regarded.

(Alice M. Hillier, 43, Balfour Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.)

We specially commend also the twelve reviews by Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), O. Gillespie (Eastbourne), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Chas. Glassock (Addiscombe), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Reginald Grey (Darlington), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Ethel Webster (Kingsdown), W. C. Reedy (Forest Gate), Matilda Hunt (Eastbourne), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Florence Parsons, of Norcott House, Ellesmere Road, Altrincham.

XUM

New Books.

A SOLDIER-POET.*

Corporal Lee, of the 4th Battalion Black Watch, is in the succession, spiritual descendant of those balladists and lyricists who have made the name of Scotland bright, and endowed the words "Scottish border" with magic. That here and there in his verses there are technical flaws (due more to a kind of carelessness regarding technique than to lack of knowledge) will signify little save to the purist who is purist for the mere sake of being a purist rather than for the sake of clear expression, so greatly do the excellences atone. The lapses are, further, after the manner of the lapses of his predecessors, they whose songs are in Border and Jacobite anthologies.

He is, indeed, much more kin with those dead and gone though unforgotten men than were the great poets who not long since tried to revive the ballad metre. He does not try to capture the former cadences; but he writes as would the balladists if they came alive in this century. His verses have that in them which, in the old ballads, gives the impression of being made by "the People"—though, of course, a song is not written save by an individual, be he ploughman or landed proprietor.

Upon the forefront of his book we read:

"I writ these songs in a dead man's book;
I stole the strain from a dead man's look;
And if much of death there may seem to be
'Tis because the dead are so dear to me."

And one of the ballads closes with the cry:

"Soldier, soldier——
How I love you!"

Corporal Lee finds himself, and sees his fellows, upon the razor-edge, the boundary between here and hereafter. He notes in "The Dead Man," how there was

"Upon one hand a little ring;
A little earth clutched in one hand,
As he would bear some kindly thing
Unto that new and unknown land."

Corporal Lee.

Being what he is, he sees the horror of it all more than most; but, joyful and valiant in the Great Fight, he warns us:

"Sheath not the Sword ere yet the strife is ended;
Prate not of peace before proud wills are bended—
Sheath not the Sword!
* * * * *
Harden thy heart! Withhold the pitying ear,
Until their Hymn of Hate turn to a cry of fear!
Sheath not the Sword!"

The valour, the splendid valour of the men, is through it all; and this valour we must the more greatly esteem on observing how well they know the price they may have to pay, that many render, as witness the song called "Marching":

"Marching, marching,
On the old-time track;
Soldier song upon my lip,
Haversack upon my hip,
Pack upon my back;
Linton on my left hand,
On my right side Jack ——"

so the first stanza, and thus the next:

"Marching, marching,
On the same old track;
Sorrow gnawing at my heart,
Mem'ry piercing like a dart,
Care perched on my back;
Linton on my left hand—
But, alas! poor Jack——"

Corporal Lee is a great lover of his fellows, and, at the same time, one of those (too scarce) who saw the stars even before the Great War caused people to look upward for Zeppelins. It is thus he makes his "Invocation":

"Creator of the stars
Great and Little Bear—
Have us in Thy care.

Thou Who set Orion,
Watch and ward to keep—
Guard a soldier's sleep.

Hand that swung the Spheres,
Strawed the Pleiades—
Have pity upon these.

Hand that sways the Plough;
Will that stays the Pole—
Sow Thy good seed now,
Guide an errant soul."

As for the manner of the book, it is good—it is very good, it is notable. "At the Dawn" can be read and re-read, and will surely be remembered. Certain slackness in tense that it shows in the opening stanzas is easily forgivable. There are poets superficially more nigh to flawless who may well doff to this one for the depths of feeling he knows and conveys even so. Memorable as a whole, there are stanzas in it very haunting in their simple directness. That poem, or "drama of the trenches," as the poet calls it, is a fine poetic record, by a man of rare feeling, who was there, who saw it all. The lyric entitled "I canna see the Sergeant" should not be lost sight of by the future anthologist of Scottish verse. It will not be lost sight of; I don't believe such things are lost. The poem which he calls "The Green Grass," is written, if I mistake not, as would the writer of "The Twa Corbies" have written it—this strange poem of the dead men talking one to the other—had he lived to-day. It has something of the same blend of weird and poignant. There is no doubt that Corporal Lee is in the procession of singers of his land.

An additional interest is in the reproductions of pen-and-ink sketches, by Corporal Lee, in trench, dug-out, billet, the poet of the Black Watch being artist also.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

* "Ballads of Battle." By Corporal Joseph Lee, 1/4th Battalion Black Watch. With Illustrations by the Author. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.*

Mr. Gosse's new essays are worthy alike of their author and of the great review in which they made their first appearance. Serious and full, in matter and in manner they are equally admirable. Perhaps, indeed, with the exception of "Father and Son," they form the most notable contribution to literature which has come from a versatile and accomplished pen. In a preface which is not the least of these papers, Mr. Gosse says:

* "Inter Arma." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"The character of what has been written since the war began has differed in proportion with the differences of temperament in the men and women who have written it. But I think we may notice one element of uniformity. No one has been able to speak, at all events no one has succeeded in being listened to, who has not in some direction or another been intensely affected by the vast sequence of events in the course of the war. There has been no time for piping lullabies out of the top windows of the ivory tower. It is noticeable that a thrill of personal excitement in the author is necessary if he is now to reach an audience at all. . . . We cannot read anything which does not vibrate with the energy of the moment."

This "thrill of personal excitement" runs very plainly through the pages to which these words are preliminary and informs not a few passages which, "vibrant with the energy of the moment," are of a sustained eloquence and dignity.

Among half a dozen essays all of which are good to read, perhaps "The Unity of France" and "The Neutrality of Sweden" are the most important: in that they are authoritative answers to certain popular misconceptions. In the former, a carefully documented study, which incidentally contains a notable tribute to the author's friend, Lord Haldane, Mr. Gosse disposes of the idea of a sudden awakening of the French national spirit at the outbreak of war, and shows how that spirit has long been growing. "The Neutrality of Sweden" is even more timely. A pharisaical attitude towards neutrals is on the increase in this country. This is especially so with regard to Sweden, whose position is more delicate than that of any of the others. Englishmen have taken little trouble to understand what is in many ways one of the most admirable of modern states. Our ignorance of her contributions to civilisation was illustrated only the other day when a well-known critic spoke of Anders Zorn, certainly one of the most remarkable of living artists, as a Norwegian: a small mistake, but significant. Mr. Gosse has some words of wisdom, not only for ourselves but for Russia, upon the vexed question of the Aland Islands.

Others of Mr. Gosse's essays are more exclusively literary. In "War Poetry in France" he deals chiefly with Déroulède, Botrel and Paul Fort, whose "Poèmes de France," with what one cannot help considering an excessive tenderness for an old favourite, he places on the same level as Rupert Brooke's sonnets. It was chronologically impossible for him to mention Stewart Merrill's prose poem on the burial of an English private at Versailles, which was printed a little while ago in the *Mercure de France* and is interesting as its author's last work, being indeed unfinished. In the account of Auguste Barbier, whose forgotten and apparently never remembered satires on the England of the 'thirties were worth disinterment if only for the purpose of their reburial as a symbolic hatchet, it might have been noted—for Mr. Gosse loves such minutiæ—that Barbier, when he wrote of Pitt in "Le Pilote," may well have been remembering Canning's famous eulogy of his friend and chief.

"War and Literature" is a chapter to which those who are professionally interested in the latter will turn with painful interest. Mr. Gosse was right to republish it in spite of the proven inaccuracy of its main contention; for his mistake was general and symptomatic. Many people believed that after the autumn of 1914 the publication of books would cease until the end of the war. It was certainly a bad guess, but Mr. Gosse's recantation, written in the following spring, was perhaps too complete. A year ago it did look as though "business almost as usual" were to be the note in literature; but a year ago England, slow to accept new ideas however violently thrust upon her, was only half awake to the war. We are fully awake now, and such interest as a little while back we were able to show in other matters is almost dead. It seems likely that, if the war is to go on much longer, Mr. Gosse's original prophecy will be tardily vindicated; or at any rate that, if we can spare any attention for literature which does not deal with the war or its infinite implications, it will only be for something sufficiently spacious and vivid to compete with the poignant actual—as, indeed, Mr. Gosse says in the passage of his preface already quoted.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE MAN WHO "GRAVITATED."*

Writing of Colonel Patterson's narrative of his lion-hunting adventures, Ex-president Roosevelt described it as "the most remarkable on record," and Mr. F. C. Selous said, "No lion story I have ever heard or read equals, in its long sustained and dramatic interest, the story of the man-eaters of Tsavo."

That was in the days before the war, and, remembering that the author of that book went out to the South African campaign a Lieutenant, to return (a record, surely) a Lieutenant-Colonel, and was mentioned in despatches both by Lord Roberts and Kitchener, those who knew him personally felt sure that though he was no longer in the army, his restless and adventurous spirit would not brook inaction at home while a great war was raging. Word came that he had gone East, and the next news was that he had been offered and had accepted what was in every way a unique and remarkable command. Until the formation in Egypt, at the beginning of the present war, of the Zion Mule Corps, a Jewish fighting unit had not been known since the Maccabees fought against the Roman Legions, two thousand years ago. The Zion Mule Corps consists of Russian Jew-refugees from Palestine and from the Turks. Passionately devoted to England for the freedom she has always afforded the Jewish race, and as passionately detesting their oppressors the Turks, these refugees offered their services as a fighting force. The offer was promptly and wisely accepted, and General Sir John Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief in Egypt, had indeed applied for an officer—a known "thruster"—to take command.

Then it was that Colonel Patterson arrived in Cairo, and one is minded to ask whether something more than the fact that an Irishman instinctively heads for fighting, did not lead him thither. "*The things that are for you,*" says Emerson, "*gravitate toward you.*" If there was one man marked out for the command of a corps of Zionists, it was Colonel Patterson. From his boyhood upward, he has occupied himself in the study of Jewish life and character, as well as of Jewish history, especially military history. No layman, certainly no soldier, known to the present writer, understands the individual Jew quite so intimately as does Colonel Patterson. More—though one never hears him express his views on religion—few clerics, much less laymen, have so encylopædic a knowledge of the Bible as he. Add to all this the fact that he is a distinguished soldier (and no one other than an experienced soldier could successfully have commanded a force so urgently requiring sound training in discipline and military knowledge). He is, moreover, as his books have shown, a soldier, not of the cut-and-dried, red-tape pattern (that would have been fatal) but one of indomitable pluck, patience and perseverance, with all an Irishman's ready resourcefulness to adapt himself and his command to unfamiliar conditions for which no precedents on which to base action exist.

Remembering all this one is inclined, I repeat, to ask whether it was not an unconscious obedience to some such mysterious law of—shall we say, spiritual physics?—as that which Emerson had in mind when he said that the things that are for you gravitate toward you, that took Colonel Patterson to Egypt at the moment when General Maxwell was looking for a "thruster" to command the Zionists?

Reading Colonel Patterson's narrative of what happened in the Dardanelles (he was present at one of the most memorable conflicts in the world's history, the never-to-be-forgotten landing on the Gallipoli beach, of April 25th, 1915) one might almost believe that here too was an instance of the truth of Emerson's maxim. If Colonel Patterson be correct, the opportunity afforded by the Gallipoli campaign came to the Allies at the psychological moment. It was as if the gods, or some mysterious force which controls the course of events, had offered the Allies an opportunity to strike a blow which might appreciably

* "With the Zionists in Gallipoli." By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

have shortened the war. Colonel Patterson is of opinion that had that opportunity been seized with both hands, firmly and when the time was ripe, instead of indecisively and with only one hand, as happened—waiting, in fact, till the chances of war had so turned the cylinder of fate that the facet of good fortune which was then toward us had, in the course of the cylinder's revolution, been turned away—the Gallipoli campaign, so far from being the reckless "gambler's throw" which it is sometimes called, would have meant victory, colossal and complete.

Whether Colonel Patterson be right or wrong it is not for a reviewer to say, but the chapter in which he adduces his reasons for so thinking, and outlines what he believes would have been a successful plan of campaign, is not the least fascinating part of a book where all is fascinating and thrilling. It is, one understands, the first work on the Dardanelles disaster by a soldier, and is as remarkable for its fearless outspokenness as for its brilliant descriptive passages. Nominally, the record of the work done, and the fighting seen, by the Zionists, and so of unique interest to students of the history of that wonderful race of which Heine said that were there only one Jew left alive men and women would journey from all parts of the globe to see the last representative of a race that had given humanity a Saviour as well as many of the most remarkable men of all time, Colonel Patterson's book is practically a balanced picture and criticism of the Gallipoli campaign. As told by him, it is so vivid and so graphic that one seems to be witnessing what actually happened rather than to be reading about these tremendous and tragic issues in the pages of a book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE WORKS OF JOHN SMYTH.*

These two volumes, edited with such care and enthusiasm by Dr. Whitley, deserve a place in history and dogma. The name of John Smyth is not well known even amongst the English Baptists, of whom, as Dr. Whitley points out, he may be said to be the actual founder. Neither his ancestors nor his lineal descendants were people of much importance, but from his contemporaries we learn that he was a man of fine character, with a certain width of outlook, natural to one who has received a liberal education. Those with an inside knowledge of English Dissenters, more particularly Baptists, will note continually how very typical of that body is John Smyth's mental attitude and general outlook on life. He cared little for art and literature, and was only concerned with politics when it meddled with religious creed and practice. He was gracious to all, and very generous to the poor. The outward form of worship was insignificant to him, though to the modern man he will seem to have exaggerated the importance of the forms of Church government. Truth was to him all important; his logic was relentless; he was very ready to enter into controversy even with friends. On the whole his methods and manner were fair, and even when he did call his opponents offensive names, he never misrepresented their views, often printing their actual words together with his answers. But in his final "Retractions and Confirmations" he apologises for a certain inconsiderate zeal in controversy, and wishes to be at peace with all men who, with him, sincerely aim at the true faith of Christ. The works of John Smyth were not available to the general public until these volumes were published. Dr. Whitley gives a careful and sufficient life, which tells enough of the events to make clear John Smyth's general position. John Smyth spent some years at Cambridge, first as a Sizar, then as Fellow of Christ's College. He then took Orders, but having genuine religious zeal, he gradually became somewhat discontented with his position, doubted certain dogmas, but more than all was dissatisfied with the conduct of various Church dignitaries. Soon after leaving the Church he went to Amsterdam, where the most active part of his life was spent. All his published works, except two, were entirely controversial, and even in his long exposition of Psalm xxii. and his very elaborate and minute commentary on the "Lord's Prayer," much will not be acceptable to Christians of other denominations. There are, however, many passages in these works which will appeal to devout and thoughtful persons. His actual controversy is very elaborate and detailed, and because of its extreme minuteness will only interest a very few. His most important works were written in Latin, and anyone who wants to know the Baptist creed and can read Latin, will find "The First Baptist Creed," "The Defence of Ries' Confession" and "Argumenta contra Baptismum Infantum" really helpful. We should like space to call attention to the many suggestive passages throughout these volumes, but must be content to recommend them as containing moderate and reasoned statements of many dogmas which still have a wide influence in the world.

A. H. J.

* "The Works of John Smyth, Fellow of Christ's College, 1594–98." Tercentenary Edition, edited for the Baptist Historical Society. By W. T. Whitley. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE TITANS.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty is the *vates*, the prophet-priest, among English poets. In more than one or two of his poems appears the figure of a poet who reminds me of himself, a man

"With high insight endued and numbers sweet"

as he sings in "The Titans." He bears a singular piety towards the beginnings of national and human life. When he narrates the origins of Britain in "The Dawn in Britain," he does something like what Virgil did in the "Æneid," and with at least an equal piety. Religion and patriotism make one in him more than they did in Wordsworth, and reading his "Cliffs" and "Clouds," beautiful poems that have begun to astonish people because of their foreboding of this war, I wonder whether any poet ever had so rich and yet so simple a patriotism. His reverence is no greater than his knowledge, which is universal and humane. England, the ground, the men, the idea, appear in his as no other single author's work. Yet I understand that nobody cares a brass button, and I read his new book chiefly with the double feeling of admiration and regret that it must wait till the England he so reverences returns, or, if it has not disappeared, wakes to consciousness. His is a solitary voice, clear as a trumpet, but very distant.

"The Titans" has no direct connection with England. It is a poem of the beginnings of the human race. The Titans contend with the gods and are beaten. Man survives, tragic, beautiful, ingenious, in a world of foes. Mr. Doughty's epic tenderness is an extraordinary thing. He shows the same love for humankind and its origins as he does for England and its origins. If "The Dawn in Britain" very remotely resembles Virgil, "The Titans" in places resembles Lucretius; above all in the passages describing "Ishtar, bright Goddess of the sacred hearth," the "Mother of all Grace," whose favour "solace is, to mortal breasts, in midst of worldly smarts," whose feet "the purple flowers kiss," as she walks or sits combing "her sunbright locks, down-blissful hanging loost."

This servant of the heavenly muse it is who sees and sings for us the dawn of the living earth, through fire and "rain, rushing streams, waves driven on iron cliffs," the grass beginning to grow, the birds to sing, the monsters to perish, the cattle to low, and men beginning to speak and dig and build. Perhaps he knew better where to begin than where to leave off. The end is somewhere far on in primitive culture. It is not disappointing, but it is not absolute, like

"Through Eden took their solitary way."

* "The Titans." By Charles M. Doughty. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

The substance of the six books is partly mythical, partly anthropological. It is founded on the Northern version of the making of the world, but borrows magnificently from Eastern and Greek versions. Mr. Doughty loves the Northern stories, but he knows Arabia, and he has blended mountain, fog, sea and desert in one grand background. Befriended by God and the sun, man shines forth gradually as the noble but pathetic "pilgrim of eternity." The earth grows in beauty as man strengthens his nest on it. Nothing could be lovelier than Mr. Doughty's flowers when

"Once more the gracious blossom of the thorn
Is in Earth's thicket-strewed wild upland seen;
Where blows the bee-suckt thyme and honey-whin;
And with-wind pale wreathes her lithe arms among:
With primrose under briar, and the key-flower."

Nothing could be lovelier unless it be his shepherd's daughters:

"Full likewise of glad aspect. Simple and coy,
Be they among the maidens, as May-flowers;
Which spring this day, among the thicket grass:
Wherewith they deck (sheen as the gleaner's sheaf,
In sunny harvest field,) their gracious locks;
The virginal dignity of those stedfast looks:
Wherein both comely mood and blameless mirth,
Together meet."

Man on the whole, appears pathetic from the time when

"Two-footed, long, loose-lockt, with wildered looks;
Training his feeble limbs, that first man goeth:
Gathering, 'gainst ebb, as his wont is, longs strand:
(Where Sea's eternal flood against herself
Hath heaped long sliding shelves of pebble-stones;)
What-so wild meat his indigent hand might find—
Whelks, cockles, wrack . . ."

on to the time when

"After the sun, 'neath heaven's still sliding stars;
A sun-beat People, lacking meat and drink,
Lie without succour, waiting on their Gods,"

and to the last lines of the poem:

"Howbeit still, in much ignorance, wanting Light;
With clouded countenance, shall Man walk Earth's dust;
Shut up, in darkness of frail womb-born flesh;
(This mortal, yet unweaned, untaught, unworth)."

Everything is against him even after the Titans have been thrust down. All the winds are against him, except the South. The monsters are very monstrous, as much so as they were to Jefferies. Man is represented again and again by a weak old man or child or an unchilded mother, a tender anxious figure, erect, but born as it were too soon, escaping destruction in the battle of gods and Titans only as the reed survives when the oak falls. But escape he does, and by the end of the poem he appears with all his powers fledged for the end, as we see him now.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A LITTLE FARMER.*

The title of "Pat's" latest book, "My Little Farm," gave anticipation of a pretty, rural scene of green fields, intersected by purling, limpid streams, of brown earth and browner bog that dazzles the eye by its richness, when the sun shines upon it out of the wide, open, wondrous skies of Mayo, of whose marvellous colours only A. E. has caught a part and given it to those who may never know the beauty of the Mayo skies.

One had pictured the neat whitewashed farm-house, with green creepers clinging about it, and the brown thatch above, a garden in front, full of gilliflower, sweet-william, pansy, foxglove, and I don't know what other dear, old-fashioned flowers that the horticultural experimentalist has all but banished. For all these things are to be found throughout Mayo, and that county, which for so long was the battleground of the Land War, has leaped suddenly from abject poverty into an astonishing well-being, and, unlike other places where the standard of living has risen at the expense of a sense of beauty and proportion, increased prosperity has added to the beauty of the older habitations. I do not, of course, speak of the buildings erected by departmental architects, which are uniformly hideous, as though they were so fashioned to induce their occupants to turn their thoughts from mundane dwellings to those not made with hands.

"I have passed severe examinations," writes "Pat" in his Preface, "written successful books, edited too successful newspapers, lived the life of London, died the death of Ireland, and come to life again, on the first day."

"Pat" gives several varying reasons for taking up farming. Filial devotion to the memory of his father, who had lived on the farm and had not prospered; because he himself had, after thirteen years in the Strand, produced little or nothing for more than a day's notice, and felt—as many of us have felt—that he could do better; because he knew that, even in the wilderness, he could live by his pen, without a penny from his farming, and because, called upon to defend civil war, he was obliged to give up "the company of statesmen for the company of calves."

"Pat" has not found Mayo, however, altogether, or even moderately, satisfactory, although his "reclaimed field" has been visited by bishops, peers, baronets, knights, statesmen, politicians, royal commissioners, travelled foreigners, etc., and narrowly escaped a visit from the Kaiser. Though he was a philanthropist his neighbours tried to murder him—Aristides, it may be remembered, was in similar danger—but he has outlived that, and is now in another kind of danger—of becoming popular. He is hard to please:

"The Irish," he writes, "prosper abroad because they are forced to act up to the honesty of those with whom they live and work."

Can "Pat" have arrived at this view of his fellow-countrymen from his association with his fellow-statesmen of the Strand? If "Pat" had written the political part of this book from the other side of the Channel, his perspective might have been truer. The Mayo peasants do not differ from other peasants fundamentally but only in details. And the pity of it is that he has spoiled a book which is full of good things—shrewd observations, picturesque descriptions, and vivid imagination by attacking all those who do not accept him as a prophet. With the political, religious and personal bias eliminated, "My Little Farm" would be a delightful book to read not once but often.

H. A. H.

* "My Little Farm." By "Pat." 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

THE SPELL OF TRADITION.*

The type of man who made light of symbolism, and who regarded the power of tradition with a deep hatred was familiar to us all before the war. For him National songs, flags, customs, were so much rubbish of barbarism, while even the symbolism of religion was open to his reckless abuse. Mr. McMillan in the preface to his most admirable book on "Scottish Symbols" reminds us of the words of Carlyle: "By symbols man is guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. . . ." One might go further and say of that northern land that she has bled for her symbols, cherished her symbols, reverenced her symbols, whether they have been the sacred emblems of Christianity or the badges of her victorious soldiers.

In "Scottish Symbols" Mr. McMillan has undertaken a work of national importance and carried it through clearly, accurately, and with simplicity. He deals with the various flags of Scotland, the Royal Arms, the Union Flag, ecclesiastical symbols, and regimental badges.

* "Scottish Symbols: Royal, National, Ecclesiastical, Their History and Heraldic Significance." By William McMillan. (Alexander Gardner.)—"Allan Braec Stewart and His Associates." By Tinsley Pratt. 1s. net. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

At the present time, when old regiments have taken to their colours it may be a score of battalions, the chapter on "Regimental Badges" should prove of particular interest, and might be issued as a pamphlet with advantage. There is no evidence that our new armies are wanting in courage, far from it, but in the tale of their badges, in memories of Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Balaclava, and Candahar, there is much for pride and heartening in weary hours of vigil.

The intense interest of the Scot in ancient symbols is not restricted to recognised and accepted devices such as Mr. McMillan describes. It overflows into the sources of tradition, into bypaths of story, legend and song. It gathers about the forlorn episodes of its history, repeating tales of the '45, and remaining loyal to the tragic insignificance of incidents like the murder of Campbell of Glenure, long since familiar as the Red Fox of "Kidnapped."

In "Allan Braec Stewart," Mr. Tinsley Pratt, one of the most ardent explorers of Jacobite bypaths, has succeeded in a most difficult task. He has, following along the trail of Andrew Lang, David Mackay, and many another, written a little monograph that is both lucid and original.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt states the points as they arise. He emphasises that it was most improbable that Allan Braec would commit such a crime without proper preparations for flight. As to his hurried exit from Appin it must be recalled that he was certain to be hanged in any case as a rebel and deserter.

Mr. Pratt has followed his interesting study of Allan Braec with an account of the Scottish Soldiers under French Kings. This addendum to the booklet is intensely interesting. Many people do not realise that a company of Scots guards kept watch for many centuries over the person of the French Monarch, and that so recently as 1815 Louis XVIII. reorganised the historic corps. The entente between Scotland and France, lasting as it did to the dawn of the nineteenth century, is a story so picturesque and so pleasant to recall to-day, that no Scot should grudge a shilling to be reminded in this excellent narrative of the part his country took in moulding the destinies of France.

Upon both of these books reviewed above I must pass one harsh, relentless comment. In neither is a bibliography.

F. W.

BARNACLES.*

A few years ago the publication of "Gillespie" drew attention to a new personality in literature. The promise of that remarkable first novel has been amply fulfilled in the second now lying before us. Mr. Gilfillan the banker describes Barnacles as "one of God's own innocents," and no phrase could better sum up the simple, great-hearted musician who with his fiddle drifts into the Paisley slums clustering under the shadow of Coats's Mill. Barnacles is a valiant crusader against wrong. "I just get into a rage when I see children barefooted and begging," he says, "or when the funerals of the poor go by. They have not died for anything. . . . I get angry when I see their desolate coffins. Do you not think they are desolate because the world is facing the wrong way and is only walking to heartache?" He is the son of a narrow-minded Renfrewshire farmer, has had part education at the University, and his father has brought him home to slave without wages. To buy a new fiddle Barnacles lifts a sheep, and this results in his father turning him out. In Paisley he lives with a fish-hawker named Skelly, a veteran of the Boer war, wee Kitchener, and Skelly's father, a derelict seaman. The poverty of these people and their neighbours is grinding, but their goodness of heart is phenomenal. Delicately and without emphasising the blackness of the shadows Mr. Hay makes the reader realise the tragedy of the submerged tenth.

* "Barnacles." By J. Macdougall Hay. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. J. M. Hay.

The most pathetic figure in the book is the old seaman, in his dotage, longing for a pilot jacket with brass buttons, imagining himself again at sea, dreaming of what he will do with his pension, acutely conscious of his position as a dependent, delighting in every scrap of affection shown him by his son. Barnacles tries to work, but is hardly a success according to the exacting standards of the commercial mandarins. Fortunately he becomes secretary and missioner to a wealthy and eccentric lady who has undertaken to regenerate humanity. Mrs. Normanshire, the wife of a degenerate artist, profoundly influences him, and ultimately he wins a loving wife and a good fiddle. The charm, delicacy, strength, and tenderness of this story are not easily definable. Mr. Hay writes with sure skill and knowledge; his character work suggests comparison with the exquisite art of Sir James Barrie.

THE CENTURY OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

Of the "National History of France," which is one of Mr. William Heinemann's most considerable ventures for the immediate future, this is the initial volume. Each period being separately studied, with its own bibliography and apparatus *criticus* complete, there is no reason for keeping to any strict chronological order; indeed, there is not a little to be said for a start being made with the present volume.

The great movement which we call the Renaissance, "the rediscovery of Nature and of Man," reached English shores by way of France, and French history from 1483 to 1610 sheds light of all kinds on the England which was mediæval under the fourth Edward, and had all but forgotten the Middle Ages in the reign of James.

M. Batiffol, whose work has been crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, is like his great fellow-countryman, General Joffre, a native of the far South, and like him, appears sent as a contradiction to the idea which Daudet embodied in his immortal "Tartarin," and which Gambetta did not entirely fail to

* "The Century of the Renaissance." By Louis Batiffol. Translated by E. F. Buckley. Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

exemplify in real life. M. Batiffol is as cool in writing as is the General in action, and he holds the balance between Catholics and Protestants with a hand so equal that the severest task set to the reader would be to detect "tendency." M. Batiffol is, we fancy, a Liberal Catholic, a Gallican; he allows himself a friendly smile, with, and not at the expense of, the Bishop who spoke of the Pope as "Monsieur de Rome." M. Batiffol has an essential, perhaps we might almost say, *the* essential qualification, for writing about the Renaissance. He understands its ruthlessness. He tells us that the truth had to be faced. "If repression had failed to arrest" certain movements, "the conciliatory method produced effects very much more disastrous." It requires a bold man to say this; and, we may add, a fine spirit, when the author's whole leanings can be seen to be towards a broad and enlightened tolerance: if it could be applied.

On the side of Art and Letters M. Batiffol does full justice to the century of Clouet and Jean Goujon, of the Pleïade, and of the architects. Of the latter in especial he is commemorative and very usefully to us, for of them the average Englishman knows less than he should do. He makes, it may be, a little too much of what he calls the aristocratic side of the literary movement, but he recognises that Montaigne and Pasquier belonged to the middle classes, Amyot and Estienne to the *menu peuple*. Philippe Desportes, one of the really great French poets, is barely mentioned by M. Batiffol, though M. Dorchain includes no fewer than three of his pieces in that most exclusive of volumes, "The Hundred Best Lyrical Poems of France." Of Louise Labé, a Renaissance suffragette, if we may use the term, our author says that "her passionate accents were not always devoid of sincerity." He seldom allows himself so light a touch. There is a brief but important account of the Académie du Palais founded in 1570 by Charles X. and fully organised by Henri III. That the famous French Academy is the legitimate successor of this body, and that the foundation of Richelieu simply revived it seems tolerably clear, thereby adding to the record and antiquity of the most celebrated of all existing Academies.

The Introduction contributed by Mr. Bodley is of some length, and constitutes a most interesting document in itself. Not only does he say wise and pregnant things of the Renaissance period, but he looks before and after, and his thirty pages merit reproduction as a general preface to the entire series of volumes projected by Mr. Heinemann, of which series Mr. Funck Brentano is the editor. The translation by Miss Buckley is in all respects admirable. We may think at first that the Duke *of* Guise and the Admiral *de* Coligny are translations which should be uniform, but Miss Buckley will be found to translate on principle, and her distinction is, we think, sound. Claude of Lorraine, the warrior, is certainly very usefully distinguished from Claude the painter.

The book is wonderfully free from misprints. On p. 25 there is an error of fifty years in the marriage of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. The diverse speilings Tremouille and Trémoïlle do not represent a misprint; Mr. Bodley in his Introduction prefers the modern spelling, while the translator adheres to the Renaissance form. The general format and printing are excellent; perhaps the indented marginal references in clarendon should have a little more open space about them. A glance at p. 131, "The Guises," will show what is meant.

C. K.-J.

SIX NOTABLE NOVELS.*

Mrs. Bell's novel, "Happiness," is instinct with a sweet and high atmosphere which, combined with literary quality and modern smartness of dialogue, gives the book a special cachet of its own. Though rather a sequence of clever impressionist sketches than a closely knit story, it is shaped and held together by the strong personality of its central figure: that of a noble, gracious, idealistic poet-woman. Pauline holds the stage firmly and richly from her opening love scene, through the agony of the Great War—the stress and poignancy of which are presented with much power and artistry—through wifehood sharply tried at moments, motherhood, and again wifehood more smoothly conditioned. The husband, Keith Wendover, is, to the present writer, a less successful figure. Keith comes before us as a soldier-in-grain, one so far over-possessed by his profession as to miss the true height of his wife's qualities of heart and genius; hence his plunge into parsonhood is too sharp a surprise for ready acceptance. Should not such a transmutation, to be convincing, be handled by older, slower fictional methods than now obtain?

The metamorphosis once accepted, however, the second stage of the book can be freely enjoyed. The study of life at Dera Ismail Khan is true, effective, untainted by exaggeration. The minor characters—notably the cold, hard little American, Doris, who makes a mixed marriage, and Col. Deering—are sketched with a swift and strong hand. In such a figure as the latter may be read the whole secret of Britain's hold upon India; indeed, the relation between the ruling and native races, as here implicitly portrayed, would be a little education in itself to anyone whom duty may call to the assumption of the White Man's Burden in the Punjab.

From Mr. Jack London one looks for power, virility, stimulation, and in this context "The Little Lady of the Big House" will fully satisfy his admirers. It is a work of amazing vivacity: in its earlier part the epic, seemingly, of a huge Californian ranch, with its quarter million acres, its nickering stallions, its "flowing ribbons of Angora goats," its capable crowd of foremen and managers—all operated like a machine by Dick Forrest, its millionaire head and owner. So vast is the spacing, so loud the trumpetings of splendid beasts, so grandiose the hacienda itself, that the scene's mere human contents seem likely to be dwarfed; yet, later, the human figures, emerging strongly, attain their proper dominance.

Dick's wife Paula, the "Little Lady," is a woman of bewildering charm and protean talents. Behold her as first viewed by Dick's friend Graham: "In the tank, the centre of the picture, a great horse, bright bay and wet and ruddy satin, vertical in the water, struck upward and outward into the free air with huge forehoofs steel-gleaming in the wet and sun, while on its back, slipping and clinging, was the white form of what Graham took at first to be some glorious youth." . . . In the saddle, too, and as musician, vivid entertainer, admired hostess of the Big House, Paula shines resplendent. It is apparently a perfect marriage; the man a Great Heart, the woman on a plane above all feminine weakness: nevertheless, the situation develops later into the eternal triangle of two men and a wife. To the ensuing drama, with its flare of passion, some quaint philosophers and a pair of lightsome girls form a good chorus; but the solution of the triangle, with its powerful *dénouement*, must by no means be given away in a short notice.

In "The Men Who Wrought" Mr. Ridgwell Cullum gives us a romance, seamed with thrilling situations, of the paulo-post-bellum period. The big submersible, both naval and mercantile, is the clou of the story. Its inventor, a Pole of genius but a German subject, gives away his secret—in the interests of humanity—to a young British Cabinet Minister, Ruxton Farlow; and the issue is a well-knit series of adventures, cross-plottings and climaxes. The chief characters are Farlow, the beautiful Princess Vita, Prince von Hertzwohl the inventor, and the two well-drawn typical Prussians, Von Salzinger and Von Berger; and through all the Secret Service work, adventures at a secret German arsenal in the Baltic, spiritings away of the heroine, romantic doings at a lonely old mill hard by the North Sea, runs the thread of a sweet, if conventional, love story. Devotees of the plot-novel,

* "Happiness." By John Travers (Mrs. Bell). 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Little Lady of the Big House." By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Men Who Wrought." By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"A Slack Wire." By Marion Hill. 6s. (John Long.)—"Love by an Indian River." By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Let Be." By Sybil Campbell Lethbridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

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with its titilating surprises and clever interweavings, will be delighted with Mr. Cullum's present work.

Commonly the phrase "work of art," soiled as it is by use, battered and dinted like an over-worn golf ball, must be handled with an almost tremulous diffidence: yet there are moments, rich and rare, when to use it becomes a sheer necessity. Mrs. Marion Hill's "A Slack Wire" is nothing less than a finished and delectable work of art. The mere handling of her material—as graceful, assured and subtly economical as the Maris brothers' manipulation of pigment—would in itself compel the phrase; but, furthermore, its human interest is so possessing, so tense and progressive, that no lover of good fiction will lay it down, until finished, without a pang—or thereafter without a sigh of admiration. To attempt to outline such a work in brief would be to rob it of its charm; better it is, in so small a space, just to hint at its bare ingredients. For background there is a quiet little American country town. Into a chastely decorous home, ruled by the gracious figure of his mother, a steady-going young man brings home a bride from the vaudeville stage. There is a third figure in the house, Carrie Dangler, sketched with telling originality and humour. The man is rather well-studied than interesting; the actress-bride is an amazing amalgam of beauty, charm, slangy wit, and seeming insensibility. For the former character Mrs. Hill uses delicate half-tones; to the bride she applies a brilliant brush with telling abandon. There is a second young man, a strike at a works, a surprise revelation. Let the reader discover for himself how brilliant, vital, and, withal, beautiful a whole a gifted pen has evolved from these simple-seeming ingredients. It must be admitted that Syd Pride's exposition of cross purposes is, viewed by the light of Violet's previous callousness, difficult to accept. It seems, to borrow one of his own phrases, "to queer the whole act."

Mrs. F. E. Penny's "Love by an Indian River" is a pleasant, quiet-toned story of Southern Madras. And although Margery Longford, the American heroine, with her two English soupirants, Basildon and Warradaile, are not very strongly individualised, the setting of broad-flowing river, camp and native village life, and secret German propagandism, is interesting and effective. In finding the bridge-builders, faced by the great flood of the coming rains, held up and thwarted thereby, one realises, marvelling, the unfathomable deeps of native superstition. A certain tree is the hinge of the situation because, being the home of the demoness, Amma, the river god's wife, it is sacrosanct. A plan for its removal leads to weird scenes of *poojah* and devil-propitiating pageantry. The grotesque old sadhu, the grave and quaint child Sunnee, and the evil-eyed mahunt are all effective figures; and very appropriately both the bridge-building problem, with its threat of serious native trouble, and Margery's love affair are brought to a conclusion by the river itself, roaring down at length in beneficent flood.

"Let Be" is the curt title not only of an excellent novel, but of a carefully studied, close-textured picture of life and nature. It has the welcome quality of harmonious and balanced unity. Taking our old friend the eternal triangle, Miss Lethbridge has infused new blood into it, not so much by originality of type as by the introduction of fully realised, genuinely created personalities. Of the two sharply-contrasted women, Alice, the staid, handsome, narrow-souled wife is, in the writer's view, the more complete success, as imposing the precise impression intended by the author. The half-captivating little Stella is a clever, but perhaps less convincing study. One feels at times (*e.g.*, on pp. 194 and 236) that there is needless insistence on the girl's lack of human sensibility, whereby one is robbed, as it were, of a half-fledged fondness for a likeable little minx. Towards the sister Mildred, however—a character who would have been merely odious in inferior hands—one retains a tolerance which must be marked down as a distinct tribute to the author's own tolerance and good artistry. All through the scenes at the squalid home, the forlorn studio, the "at home" in Kensington, the Swiss scenes of pine wood, ballroom and chalet—these latter enhanced by the pleasant personality of Gilbert Olshaw—the interest is steadily maintained. The solution of the main crux is a well-conceived, aptly-finished stroke of ironic nemesis. Emphatically "Let Be" is a book to be studied and enjoyed.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

THE POETRY OF ARTHUR MAQUARIE*

In his latest books, "A Rhapsody for Lovers" and "The Meaning of Love," Mr. Arthur Maquarie has given us two lyric outbursts which are as fascinating as they are fresh, alike in form and spirit. Taking the oldest of all themes of song, he has struck a new true note which will surely win ever more admirers. "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," sang Herrick in a brief figurative lyric. Live and love—for living and loving are life, rhapsodises Mr. Maquarie in impassioned lyrics which no lover of song or of love can read unmoved, rhapsodises with a rush of words that while they have the feeling of inevitability, give the satisfaction of perfect craftsmanship. It is difficult to indicate the rapture of the whole by quoting but a part, yet the philosophy of it may be said to be summed up in the snatch:

"Death is but death
For it lacks of breath;
Choose life with its panting laughter.
The hours that ye live
Have that to give
Which ye cannot grasp thereafter.
Time's wreck and rust
Will turn all to dust,
The pillar falls and the rafter;
The temple sleeps in its primal sand,
And the clay retakes the lover's hand.
O man, O maid,
Be never afraid
To clasp what the warm arms yearn to,
For the deep grave mould
Must be ever a-cold,
And that ye must all return to;
Let the living coal
Glow red, for the toll
Is lost on the ash ye burn to.
And think on this, 'tis the heart's warm red
That holds the living awhile from the dead."

Live—do not waste life in mere theorising as to what life may be; that may be said to be the "moral" that is to be gathered from the poet, if we are to seek to crystallise his rhapsodising into anything so foreign to it as a moral tag. It is the closing note of the "Rhapsody":

"Broad on the surface of life lies the secret for all to descry:
O man, thou art man! There is naught that for manhood remains to be known.
Be the flight of thy soul where it will; be the how what it may and the why;
Thou art man as thou art; by that name must thy state and thy nature be shown.
And the bones of thy body are builded with cunning and proper design,
And the press of the flood in thy veins is the tide of eternal desire,
And for man to be man is the whole of his duty and purpose and fine;
Let him sing without theme, and his song will attune to the infinite choir."

In the second Rhapsody, "The Meaning of Love," the same note is struck again with fresh force, and rings through a number of passionate and beautiful lyrics in which it is insisted anew that love is enough. Meredith has written with scorn of those who "sniff at vice and daring not to snatch do therefore hope for heaven," and something of the same scorn has fired Mr. Maquarie to a fine piece of

* "A Rhapsody for Lovers" and "The Meaning of Love." By Arthur Maquarie. 1s. net per vol. (Bickers.)

poetic rhetoric in half a dozen stanzas, showing the power of the weak in ordering the life of all.

"Heed not the mournful tales
Told by the dour and wry;
Only a sickness wails
Under a happy sky:
Seeing the rosy cheek
Turned to a brighter song
Ever the joyless weak
Envy the fair and strong . . .

Heed not the talk of tithing
Joys for a jealous God;
Fear not the threats of writhing
Under His ruthless rod;
Pride and perversion and pique
Seethe in the thewless throng;
Ever the halt and weak
Struggle to maim the strong."

Here, too, in the latest of his writings we get what may be regarded as the poet's dominant note struck in:

"Soon ends the day, and too soon we must fall as the rose,
Die and be dust; but the blood that is warm in us knows
Life hath abundance and bounty of bliss ere it close."

Each page of these two little books is decorated with deliciously dainty border designs by Mr. Lindsay Symington, and the volumes are altogether delightful examples of the book beautiful, despite the "popular" price at which they are published.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.*

No better time than this could have been chosen for the issue of a volume whose general theme is the glory of France. The titular "Renascence" has no limited application. Most of Dr. Sarolea's pleasant little essays were written before the war, and deal, not with warriors, but with certain large and compelling figures in French life and thought—with Pascal and Montaigne, with Balzac and Flaubert, with Bergson and Rousseau, with Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette, with Madame de Maintenon and "Madame" of Orleans, and with Napoleon in important and unfamiliar aspects. The subjects are great and grateful, and there should be a large public for such a volume. We wish it had been more carefully produced. Bad misprints abound, and certain of the essays show signs of the sudden termination familiar in pieces that have to be fitted into the rigid columns of periodicals. A little re-writing and extension here and there would have been labour well expended. The paper on Bergson, for instance, is merely a prelude to a half-implied sequel which doesn't appear. Regarded in externals the book is spacious and dignified, with additions of real value in the shape of spirited portrait sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Caffyn. We wish there were more of them.

Dr. Sarolea has prefaced his essays with a lofty hymn of praise to France. If we venture to criticise this, it is with the intention (which I am sure he will appreciate) of enforcing his main argument even more vigorously. His thesis, generally, is that for many years past England has been steadily overvaluing Germany and undervaluing France. There is some truth in this; but it is not all the truth. It is true only of a minority—an important and prominent minority, we must admit. Thus our professors were Germanised, their ideal being, not brilliant and creative originality, but the painful mole-like activity of the Teuton. Our theologians were already Germanised. Our education was rapidly becoming Germanised. The administrative officials aspired to Prussian autocracy and went in person to Germany to find schemes of education that they could import ready-made into England. It was actually proposed in one quarter that every child at its birth should be equipped with a book that, duly stamped, signed, and viséd by appropriate officials, should record the life history of the human unit from the cradle to the grave! Our militarists were, and still are, utterly Germanised. Our "intellectuals" were becoming Germanised. They can't say anything bad enough now against poor Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain; but it is a very little while since his book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" (the ideas of which he stole from the Frenchman Gobineau and spoiled in the stealing) was solemnly issued by Mr. Lane, introduced by Lord Redesdale and reverently accepted by the more portentous of critics as the most thrillingly important work

* "The French Renascence." By Dr. Charles Sarolea. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin).

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that had been written for many years. From Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Bernard Shaw the hierophants all prostrated themselves before this apostle of Teutonism. Read the current references to Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain and then turn to almost any review of "The Foundations" and you will laugh with the wrong side of your mouth. It is just as well to rehearse these things "lest we forget." The Germanisers are still with us and still dangerous.

So far the facts support Dr. Sarolea; but no farther. The big-wigs piped their Prussian music; but the man in the street declined to dance. The hearts of the people at large remained obstinately un-German. Germans were easily the most unpopular of all foreigners, and gibes at the German attachments of our Royal Family were the most applauded topical allusions in the music-halls. Far different was our feeling about France. Even in the Fashoda days an Englishman broke the windows of *Punch* when he thought that France had been insulted in a cartoon. We had French heroes, never German heroes. There are few figures dearer to the hearts of English people than that of Joan the Maid who defeated us, and drove us from France for ever. As for our old foe Napoleon, he is now the most popular of English institutions. We throng to his shrine in the Invalides; we read and write innumerable books about him; and we hang his portrait in our houses as a favourite picture. Long ago Sir Philip Sidney wrote of "that sweet enemy, France"; no one has ever called Germany "sweet" even as a friend. Dr. Sarolea adduces Carlyle as an example of our Germanisation. He forgets to say anything of Swinburne and Meredith.

No! in spite of all appearances, we are French and not German in our real attachments. We may have dissembled our love rather crudely at times, but to France we always gave our respect and esteem; to Germany we gave only our least reputable fears. And so, at the first real danger of war, when the professors penned their manifesto (which they have now conveniently forgotten) protesting against our making war upon the friendly and innocent German people (and saying nothing at all about the impending sacrifice of friendly and innocent France), the great heart of England chose by instinct the only way of honour—the path that sent us to stand by the countrymen of Joan in their struggle with the dominion of darkness. And that, after all, is the essential truth about us.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

ALCHIMIE GOLD. By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

When two young men set out to fight the world with apparently unequal weapons, the depth of our interest depends upon a just appreciation of the under dog's handicap, and the advantages enjoyed by the favourite of fortune. Exaggeration in either case is easy, but it would be fatal to a discriminating and convincing handling of the theme. Mr. Paul Neuman holds the scales even, and that is the primary reason why his new novel arrests and holds the attention. Denis Mowbrey, a 'Varsity graduate who embraces a legal career, and Hugh Quarle, an elementary school teacher, each strive for a prize. Their ultimate meeting-place is a social welfare club in Walworth, where Denis figures as a kind of tutor, and the young man handicapped by circumstance is a student. On this common ground gather Julia Craig, niece of Miss Elviston, a rich and eccentric spinster, and Janet Elsom, a girl who earns her own living in London. Ironic circumstances test the young men shrewdly, and also winnow the nature of Janet searchingly. As the reader watches the unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, no violence whatsoever is done to his sense of the probabilities. The development convinces by its inevitability, and escapes any suggestion of fabrication, save in the case of the extraordinary climax to Miss Elviston's uneventful life—and there the author overdoes his effects. The whole of the action takes place in London or the country in the far-away pre-war days. The characters are human and natural. It is Denis, the victim of an easy inheritance, and Janet, who are brought to the golden touchstone. When his chance of winning real moral distinction arrives—"just for a moment he saw life transfigured by love, aflame with God in every bush, a divine adventure, an ecstasy of joy." What happens to him, to her, to Julia who made a great sacrifice, and to Hugh Quarle, who knew how to seize his nettle, is described in a novel which is thrillingly interesting without the aid of literary tricks, and written throughout with the author's usual excellence. "Alchimie Gold" will leave very pleasant memories in the reader's mind.

MISS MILLION'S MAID. By Berta Ruck. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Beatrice Lovelace had her home in the suburbs with an aunt who expected her to live up to the traditions of her great-great-grandmother, whose portrait painted by Gainsborough hung in the drawing-room, sole relic of the former Lovelace splendour. Beatrice resented this attitude of her aunt's; since it prevented her from making the acquaintance of any young people of her own age. So when her aunt's maid, Nellie Million, came into a fortune left her by an American uncle, Beatrice succeeded in persuading Nellie to accept her services as lady's maid, Beatrice having a knack of dressing hair and choosing clothes. The experiences which the two girls meet with, first of all when established at the Cecil Hotel, and later when transplanted to a home for destitute "stars" run by a famous music-hall *artiste*, are described with all that mingled wit, humour, gaiety and narrative skill which Berta Ruck has so readily at her command. Of the plot we need say no more than that, while Nellie, the millionheiress, marries her cousin, an American inventor, Beatrice duly conforms to the conventions of heroine by wedding an Irish peer. In celebration of this gentleman's personal and conversational charm the author becomes at times rather rhapsodical and Ouidaesque. But Beatrice's lover is really quite a taking and amusing young man; while Nellie's boy, the American, is quite the most excruciatingly funny exponent and example of sexless chivalry which we have come across in recent fiction. "Miss Million's Maid" is of its author's best and should be immensely popular.

CUPID, V.C. By J. A. Steuart. 1s. (Dent. Wayfarers' Library.)

These short stories of love and war, centring round a girl who, disguised as a man and serving as a medico, has her share of perilous adventures at the front and subsequently wins the V.C., are written crisply, and romantically and with a sympathy and humour that make thoroughly delightful reading. Dr. Pat is a lovable character, a combination of virile manliness and tender womanliness, and her experiences in the fighting line, her noble sacrifices for the wounded and suffering, and her many narrow escapes, will keep the reader keenly interested until the last story brings her not merely triumph and glory, but a crowning happiness that she richly deserves. Mr. J. A. Steuart writes in an engaging manner, eminently suited to the occasion; his war-pictures are vivid, but not gruesome, and there is plenty of wholesome excitement throughout. It is a book to pick up at odd times, as each tale, despite the connecting link, is practically complete in itself, and nobody should fail to make the acquaintance of the plucky "little man" who is the soul of them all at the earliest opportunity. They will never forget her charming personality.

ONE OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS. By Ethel Colborn Mayne. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Characterisation is the main strength of this well-written novel; and Millicent North is the main character. Of dramatic incident there is really nothing to speak of. It is a story of a girl, her father, two lovers, and an interesting sprinkling of relatives and friends; but the girl is so distinctive that, without achieving any great task, or realising any ambition, she impresses her personality upon the reader; and the good and ill which come to her take their importance from that personality. William North, Millicent's father, was an unlovable, "hollow" man, not to be relied upon for anything whatever—he was not unkind, but not kind either; not selfish, but not unselfish, not dissipated, not extravagant, though infinitely wasteful. And when he had, as one might say, negatively broken his wife's heart, he left England and went to live in Ireland. "In Ireland you could 'run' bills for years and years; with his life-interest in Charlotte's fortune he would be able to live like a fighting-cock." Millicent in 1860, was living with her father in Killarney—"the most talked of girl in the place. It was not, at first, her looks or her behaviour which thus distinguished her, but that great gift she had for playing on the piano." And the story reveals to us the anachronism of her nature. Millicent lived in the days when mauve muslins were worn over large crinolines, but in the twentieth century she would have struck out for herself and become a professional pianist. As it is, we see the girl's nature crying out for larger things than 1860 could give her, proud and silent when her handsome lover kissed and rode away; yet chafing, restless, yearning for more than life was giving her, when the second lover came. The minor characters are well and carefully presented, also and the story remains in the memory.

THE INTERIOR. By Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

There are three women with whom readers fond of novels in a Colonial setting are familiar. There is the haughty, fickle jade who has her being in the whirl and wickedness of London society; the dusky beauty with the total lack of morals and the hibiscus flowers in her hair; and the pure-hearted, sun-tanned Colonial girl. We renew our acquaintance with these types in "The Interior," a novel in which most of the incident happens on an island off the Coast of Australia, where the inhabitants live (or fail to do so) by pearl fishing. A mercenary English girl sends the fiancé who trusts her implicitly to Australia in search of a fortune, while she with all possible speed breaks her promises to him, and marries a somewhat beefy millionaire with a fortune nearer at hand. Naturally this is a nasty blow for the hero; but the Colonial girl comes along, and is beginning to console him quite nicely, when, owing to a series of misadventures, he falls into the power of the dusky siren, whom he marries. The dusky beauty—as dusky beauties often do—providentially drinks herself to death, and while the hero himself hovers between living and dying, the millionaire quits this world. His widow (the mercenary English girl of earlier chapters) whom he has carefully arranged shall not inherit his money, remembers her old lover, and comes out to see how the fortune hunting is progressing. Owing to the thoughtful way in which the lives between the hero and the succession to an earldom have been swept away, and not thanks to the pearl-fishing, the fortune business is going nicely; and for awhile one fears that the little Colonial will be badly left. Yet at the end she gets what she wants, which by the way is rather a habit of Colonial young women of fiction. The story moves briskly all the while, and is eminently worth reading by reason of the atmosphere the author creates. Miss Russell undoubtedly has the gift of writing poetic description which will linger in the heart of the reader long after the story has faded from the memory. For this we must be grateful to her. She has brought us close to a part of Australia little known to stay-at-home Britishers.

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UNHAPPY IN THY DARING. By Marius Lyle. 6s. (Melrose.)

This novel has already distinguished itself by appealing successfully to a tribunal composed of Messrs. W. L. Courtney, A. E. W. Mason, and H. G. Wells, from which ordeal it now emerges in the triumphant wrapper of the Melrose £250 prize novel. Its outstanding quality—the quality that impressed Mr. Wells, as indeed it must impress the most novel-worn reader—is originality. In atmosphere, in plot and characterisation, the story has nothing in common with the machine-made article. It has faults; it is garrulous, it reiterates, it sprawls ungainly, its flavour is not always pleasant. But the flavour is never insipid, and the interest never flags. The scene is the West of Ireland, and the story opens with the wedding of Shelagh Lynch and Rupert Standish—a handsome but ill-assorted pair. Shelagh's interests centre in horses, clothes, and the amusements of the sportswoman, while Rupert has the temperament of the scholar and the Bohemian. The stress and strain of their early married life, their divergent interests, and the separate circles of friends arising therefrom, are realistically described. Love, however, looks like weathering the storm, when Shelagh's half-sister, Hester, joins the household. Fresh from Newnham, with protruding eyes and gargoyle features, Hester is presented as a morbid and embittered girl whose brain has been developed at the expense of character. Something in the girl's warped nature prompts Hester to wreck her sister's happiness, and in doing so she pays a frightful penalty herself. It is a grim and tragic sequel to a story bubbling throughout with vitality and the talk of live people. "Unhappy in Thy Daring" is a promising as well as an uncommon first novel.

TIGER'S CUB: A ROMANCE OF ALASKA. By George Goodchild. 2s. net. (Jarrold.)

The novelised drama is becoming as familiar to us as the dramatised novel, and is usually the more successful of the two forms of translation. In "Tiger's Cub" Mr. Goodchild makes a novel of Mr. George Potter's play of the same title which is achieving such enormous popularity just now at the Garrick Theatre. It is a tale of those snowy Alaskan wilds that play so large a part in the vivid, virile stories of Mr. Jack London. Mr. Goodchild pictures Dawson City, in the latter days of the great gold rush, and the motley, lawless society of the place, with a very vigorous and picturesque realism, and unfolds an exciting, full-blooded narrative with no little skill. The romance of it all centres on "the Cub," the reputed daughter of a grim and callous ruffian known as the Tiger, and through a rush of exciting, sensational incidents, the story develops absorbingly after the arrival of young David Summers, for whom the first glimpse of the Cub, with her unconventional dress and speech and manners is like "a flash of sunlight in a gloomy wilderness." It is a capital yarn, with a crowded, strongly melodramatic plot, and should be as popular with the general reader as the play is with the theatre-goer.

BRENDA WALKS ON. By Frederick Wedmore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The first things you are moved to say of Sir Frederick Wedmore's new novel, when you sit to write about it, is that it has charm and is entirely interesting; but when you look back over it to explain the secret of its charm and the sources of its interest you find they are not so easily definable. There is no elaborate plot to snare your attention; the whole thing is as simply and pleasantly natural, as quietly realistic as if it were an exactly true story of an actual person, and the interest of it is enormously accentuated by the fact that Brenda is a very delightful person indeed. Her character is drawn carefully, with the nicest attention to detail and the most sympathetic understanding; and you follow her development from the hour when she obtains her first theatrical engagement and "walks on" at the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, to a momentous day a year or two later when she has won something of a reputation in her profession and is on the verge of taking a new and important step in her career. The interval has been mainly taken up with her training, her stage experiences, and the everyday adventures of herself and her associates. The pictures of life with a provincial touring company are intimate and unexaggerated; they have atmosphere, and the mingled light and shadow that really belong to them. Incidentally, there are scattered through the book shrewd hints that the stage aspirant would do well to lay to heart, and in occasional asides and digressions Sir Frederick has interesting and suggestive comments to make on the drama and on actors and acting of yesterday and the day before. Perhaps the charm of the book lies even more in the grace and freshness and glancing humour of its style than in the story it unfolds—it is enough that the charm is there, and that either the style or the story, or both combined, make "Brenda Walks On" a uniquely attractive and enjoyable piece of work.

The Bookman's Table.

FRIENDS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is among those modern poets who may be said to have definitely "arrived." His earlier work, with its robust and vivid realism, had already won for him a well-deserved popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, while his recently-published volume entitled "Battle" has been very generally acclaimed as one of the few vital contributions to the poetry of the war. We have come, therefore, to expect considerable things of Mr. Gibson, and, if we do not find anything very remarkable in this slim, new collection of his poems, it contains at any rate, much good and characteristic verse. The poet has not, apparently, attempted in these pages any very ambitious work; the volume is composed of short pieces, each capturing, with strong, unadorned fidelity to life, some passing sight, experience or mood. Mr. Gibson specially favours the sonnet, and handles this form with great elasticity, though perhaps the liberty which he takes with it borders occasionally upon licence. Among the best of the sonnets are the four which celebrate the imperishable memory of his friend, Rupert Brooke. We quote the second of the quartet:

"Once in my garret—you being far away
Trampling the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there,
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair,
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity."

One of the pleasantest poems in the book is "The Ice-Cart," which, however, is reminiscent of Mr. John Masefield. Indeed, there is no overlooking the source from which Mr. Gibson has drawn much of his technique, if not of his inspiration. It is only regrettable that, in deriving so much from Mr. Masefield, he has not caught something of the spiritual interpretation that runs, for instance, through "The Everlasting Mercy." While Mr. Masefield has vision, Mr. Gibson has only very good sight, and much of his work remains, in consequence, a little cold. But, when all has been said, the author of "Fires" and "Daily Bread" is one of the poetical forces of our time, and his new volume will be read with abundant appreciation by his many admirers.

XUM

THINGS THAT DON'T COUNT. By Spencer Leigh Hughes. M.P. ("Sub Rosa"). 1s. 3d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

Everybody must have heard of "Sub Rosa"; most people have read some of his writings, and many have read much of them, for until recently he had contributed a daily article to a certain newspaper for twenty-three years. He tells you of that and of why he is not doing it any longer in an essay "About Myself—and Some Others," and in the telling perhaps edges his satire with a little bitterness, but in all the other essays he is himself again—the whimsically humorous, genially satirical, joyously hard-hitting "Sub Rosa" whose house of fame covers twenty-three years of ground and is reared on seven thousand newspaper columns. Apart from the opening chapter, his new book is concerned with various phases of the Great War. He discusses the prowess of war prophets past and present, and supplements this later with a consideration of ancient and modern experts. He does not neglect spies, the anti-luxury and economy bores, war poets, nor the Mons angels; he does justice to the courage of the "nut," has something to say in defence of politicians; pursues an enquiry into whether Shakespeare was a soldier and, to say nothing of other subjects, becomes a temporary pessimist in a last chapter on "Will War Ever End?" It is the book of a laughing philosopher, to be read no less for its sound common-sense than for the tonic gaiety of its wit and humour.

THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY: A MYSTERY. By Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To the general reader the short appreciation of Paul Claudel, who "worked for more than twenty years in silence and in an almost complete obscurity," which is reprinted on the wrapper of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" will prove of deep interest, and will perhaps help to throw some light on the mystery he unfolds before us in this dramatic play. For Paul Claudel is not an easy poet to read and understand, though his mode of expression appears direct, and his style, like all beautiful things, is unaffected and simple. "He has a speech peculiar to himself: he has invented a form which is neither prose, nor regular verse, nor ordinary *vers libre* . . ." wrote Pierre de Chavannes in an article on Claudel in *The New Statesman* recently. ". . . and to-day writers, who are by no means young, rank Claudel with the small company of the very great: Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe." "The Tidings Brought to Mary" is a fine sample of Claudel's work; in four acts, with a strongly written prologue. The tragic story of beautiful Violaine grips the imagination, and haunts the memory.

Notes on New Books.

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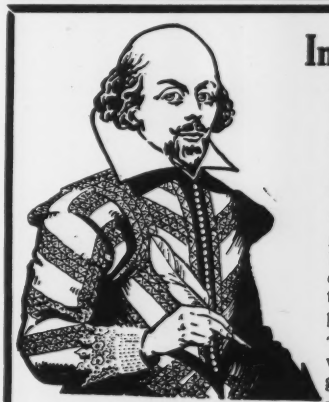

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